a. 5. 6.
Sotheby, May 21, 1859.

554 Markham (Gervase) True Tragedy of Herod and Antipater, with the Death of faire Marriam, as it hath beene divers Times publiquely Acted at the Red Bull (Inglis, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*)
Printed by G. Eld, 1622

Accessions
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The true

TRAGEDY OF HEROD AND ANTIPATER:

With the Death of faire Marriam.

According to IOSEPHVS, the learned and famous *Iew.*

As it hath beene, diuers times publiquely Acted (with great Applause) at the Red Bull, by the Company of his Maiesties REVELS.

Written by GERVASE MARKHAM, *And* WILLIAM SAMPSON. *Gentlemen.*

AT LONDON

Printed by G. ELD, for MATHEVV RHODES, and are to bee sold at his Shop at the vpper end of the Old Bayly neere *Newgate.* 1622.

49,306
May, 1873

TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVLL, SIR

THOMAS FINCH, *Knight* and *Barronet*, and to all the moſt worthy and noble Perſonages of that Honourable FAMILIE.

WOrthy Sir; things of this Nature, (as Cicero *ſaith) defending themſelues, can offend none: This Poem, hauing freed it ſelfe from detracting Tongues and Critticke Cenſurers on the Stage; proſtrates Her ſelfe, with all that is Hers, to your iudicious Iudgement. And, indeed, to whom ſhould I ſend Her, but to him, and thoſe that euer lou'd Her ſacred* Delphicke Fires. *The Subiect, though plaine, yet it is pithie; and, if we may giue credence to Antiquity, it is nothing more then Truth (as ſaith* Ioſephus *) and, if in this any thing ſhall remaine that may reliſh your Pallate, as no quiſtion, but amongſt Beds of Bryers there may be one ſweet Roſe; which, if from you it win Applauſe, to keepe it ſafe from the nipping of all buſie brawling Barkers, curious Caniliers, and all the factious family of* Momus *his Mates: I ſhal, as euer I haue beene, ſo ſtill reſt, euer bound to your worthineſſe.*

Your Worſhips truly deuoted,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

THE PROLOGVE.

TImes eldeſt Daughter (Truth) preſents our Play;
And, from forgotten Monuments of Clay,
Cals vp th'Heroicke Spirits of old Times,
Fam'd then as well for Vertues as blacke Crimes;
And with Her owne Tongue, and owne Phraſe, to tell
The Actions they haue done; or ill, or well.
IOSEPHVS *th'ancient Writer, with a Pen*
Lent by the Muſes, giues new life to Men;
Who breath'd ſuch Tragicke Accents forth toth' Eare
Of Hebrew Armies, which you now ſhall heare;
Pleaſe you to ſit attentiue: Wit hath runne
In a Zodaicall Circle, like the Sunne,
Through all Inention; which is growne ſo poore
Shee can ſhew nought, but what ha's beene before:
Yet Reuerend Hiſtory, which vpon the Stage
Hath oft beene heard ſpeake; hopes, euen for Her Age,
Your ſtrong hands will ſupport Her; Shee muſt liue
Now by no heate, but what your beames doe giue:
To gaine which (though Her Scœnes ſeeme graue and hie)
Shee heere and there with a looſe wing doth flye;
Striuing to make you merry: No other Bayes
She reaches at, but this; your Loues, your Praiſe.

The

The true

TRAGEDY OF HEROD AND ANTIPATER.

Actus 1. Scœna 1.

Enter at one dore Alexandra in her petticoate; at another, Aristobulus the high Priest in his wastcoate or shirt, both amazedly.

Qu. Alexandra.

My thrice Princely Sonne; thou hast forgot
That Time's our Maister, and wee can dispose
But meerely of the instant.

Eld. Arist. Madam true:
Nor haue I lost a moment; yet I know,
No diligence appeares to those, whose hearts
Doe both desire and waite.

Q. Alex. Enough, enough;
Come let's away, my heart is wing'd with haste
That out-flies thought or motion; Ægypt (sweete)
Hath safety in it, not Ierusalem.

Eld. Arist. I doe confesse it; yet this dangerous way
Of our escape, hath many feares about it.

Q. Alex. There's pregnant reason for it, and our liues

Are markes that *Herod* ſhoots at: Who but ſees
The wofull ſtate of ſad Ieruſalem,
And how this Tyrant (like an angry Boare)
Roots vp the goodly Pines ſhould couer him?
Hath he not ſlaine *Antigonus*, deſtroyd
Thy Father and thy Grandſire: (O my Lords,
My deare lou'd Lords, my Father and my Husband;)
Worthy *Hircanus*, noble *Alexander*;
And at this inſtant lies hee not in waite
For our deſtructions? Beldame that I am
To prate at ſuch a ſeaſon; (holy Sweete)
Come let's away, our flight is ſo ſecure,
No Art can vndermine it; any pauſe
Opens our graues before vs: flye, O flye.
Eld. Ariſt. I doe attend your Highneſſe.
Q. Alex. Harke, I heare
The ſteps of ſome purſues vs; prethee come,
Let *Ægypt* and not *Iuda* be our Tombe. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one dore Antipater at another Animis, with a band of Soldiers.

Antip. Is this the diligence your duty ſhewes,
To runne this ſlothfull pace? By all I loue,
Y'are worthy of blame in high termes.
Anim. Princely *Antipater.*
Ant. Y'are too improuident, and this neglect
Will draw your life in hazard; vnderſtand,
Th'are Lyons and not Lambs you cope withall:
The Mother-Queene is ſubtile, and her Sonne
Of high and noble ſpirit; ſhould they ſcape,
You fixe a Ramme to batter downe the life
Both of the King and Kingdome. *Ani.* Gracious Sir,
Feare not my care; for nothing you can wiſh
Is able to outſtrip my diligence.
Antip. I but awake the duty which you owe
Vnto your King and Countrey; when that moues,
Children are ſtrangers, Fathers are vnknowne,
And where our Princes health is queſtioned,

The liues we either borrow or doe lend
Muſt bee forgot and made ridiculous:
You vnderſtand me, goe, diſpatch, away.
Ani. With faith great as your longings. *Exit Animis & Soldiers.*
Ant. So, why ſo;
Thus haue I ſtarted brauely, and maintain'd
My race with full ſpeed to ambition;
Much of my way is ſmoothed by the deaths
Of proud *Antigonus* and *Alexander*,
But chiefly of *Hircanus*, till hee went
My torch could neuer kindle; could I now
But dampe the high Prieſt *Ariſtobulus*,
(As there's much water towards) and in it
Drowne his old politique Mother, halfe my way
Lies as my thoughts would wiſh it; and how ere
By birth I am a Baſtard, yet my wit
Shall beare me 'boue the true-borne; for 'tis found,
Power makes all things lawfull, all things ſound. *Exit.*

Cornets: and, Enter Herod, Marriam, Kiparim, Alexander, Ariſtobulus, Salumith, Pheroas, Ioſeph and Attendants.
Her. Who ſits on the Tribunall, ſits on thorne,
And dangers doe ſurround him; for at it
Enuy ſtands euer gazing, and with darts
Headed with lightning ſtrikes vnto the heart
Of euery noble action: What can Kings
Doe, that the rude not cenſure and peruert
To vilde interpretations? Nay, although
Iuſtice and mercy guard them; though mens faults
Are growne ſo odious, that euen Cruelty
Is a commended goodneſſe, meere Diſtruſt
A reaſonable vertue; Secrecie,
Important and moſt needfull; and Suſpect,
A worthy truth, which needs no witneſſes:
Yet, in this caſe, (where men cannot erre twice)
What ſhall we doe, that ſhall ſcape Infamie?
Ant. Fine diſſimulation!
Her. O 'tis a hell to thinke on, that how ere

Our natures are inclin'd to pitty, yet
Our actions muſt be cruell (or ſo thought)
To guard our liues from danger; wicked men
With their ſinnes ſo transforme vs. O my Loue,
This vnto thee I ſpeake, whoſe tender heart
I know hath bitter thoughts, when it records
Thy Fathers and thy Grand-fathers miſhaps:
'Tis true, I caus'd them dye; but (gentle Sweete)
Neceſſity, thy ſafety, mine, nay all the Lands,
Were my moſt iuſt aſſiſtants; and the act
Was noble, how ere blam'd of Cruelty.

Mar. My deareſt Lord, doe not miſtake my temper,
My Grand-father, and Father, when they fell,
How euer Nature taught mine eyes to weepe,
Yet in my loue to you I buried them;
They were rich Iewels once, but, ſet by you,
They haue nor price, nor luſtre; 'tis mine eye
That pitties them, my heart doth honour you.

Ant. O y'are a goodneſſe paſt equality,
And all the bleſſed times which are to come
Shall with more admiration then beleefe
Receiue th'incredible, but vndoubted truth,
Of your rare mildneſſe, faith and temperance.

Her. It ſhall indeed; and be this kiſſe a ſeale
Of our perpetuall loue-knot; yet (my Queene)
There are new Treaſons hatching, which (beleeu't)
Wil ſtretch thy patience higher: *Ioſeph*, reade
That ſtrange and cunning Letter.

Ioſeph reads.

I write ſhort ALEXANDRA, *for feare of interception; that Herods cruelty extendeth to the death of thy Huſband, and impriſonment of thy ſelfe, I lament: ayd I cannot ſend thee; but if by flight thou canſt eſcape, Ægypt ſhall receiue thee: I am glad thy Sonne Ariſtobulus is high Prieſt, let him accompany thy Iourney: If I ſhould deale for thee by force, I raiſe two mighty enemies, Rome and Iuda; thou art wiſe, fare as my ſelfe: Thine* CLEOPATRA, *Q. of Ægypt.*

Kip. Theſe

Kip. Theſe are miraculous Treaſons.
Sal. Subtile plots.
Phe. Strange interwinding miſchiefes,
Mar. Say not ſo,
Giue them a gentler title; nothings read
That doth accuſe my Mother or my Brother.
P. Alex. Indeed 'tis but an imitation
Of others Loue, not their confederacy.
Y. Ari. Th'Ægyptian Queen perſwades, but their conſent
Is not conceiued heere.
Her. Deere wife and Sonnes,
Loue hath a blindfold iudgement; would their hearts
Were harmeleſſe as your wiſhes; but heere comes
The man will reconcile vs: Captaine, ſpeake,
Where's *Alexandra?* Where's *Ariſtobulus?*

Enter Animis with Soldiers, bringing two Trunks.

Ani. Sir, they are fled.
Her. Fled! do not ſpeake it; better thou hadſt ſunke
To hell, then bring that miſchiefe.
Antip. O the Diuell!
This was your hackney pace.
Ani. By all that's true,
I haue not ſlackt a minute; they were gone
Ere I had my commiſſion, and ſo faſt,
My ſpeed could not outſtrip them; yet I tooke
This luggage and their Seruants, whence (no doubt)
Your Maieſty may gather new inſtructions.
Her. Whence I may gather my deſpaire and griefe;
Villaine, thou haſt betray'd me; in their loſſe,
I'm loſt to fate an danger: Silly Snaile;
Could Sloth haue crept ſo ſlowly? Why, thy way
Was ſmooth as glaſſe, and thou mightſt haue ſurpriz'd
Them eaſier then to ſpeake it. O you Gods,
What plummets hang at Vaſſals heeles; and how
Doth ſleepe and dulneſſe ceaze them! But I vow,
Thy life ſhall pay thy forfait.
Ani. Gracious Sir:

Her. Talk'ſt thou of grace; and in this act haſt loſt,
All things that's like, or neare it? Did not ſcorne
Hold me, my hand ſhould kill thee.
P. Alex. Good Sir, thinke——
Her. That y'are too rude to offer thus to thruſt
'Twixt me and my reſolution. *Antip.* Not a word;
'Tis death t'outface this lightening.
Her. Loſt, and fled, and gone, and all my hope
Turn'd topſie turuie downward? *Ioſeph*, harke.
Herod whiſpers with Ioſeph, and beckens all the reſt vnto them, but Marriam, and Antipater.
Mar. Bleſt be the God of *Iuda*, which hath brought
My royall Mother, and my Brother ſafe,
Out of the hands of ſad Captiuity.
O, I will offer Sacrifice each day,
And make that houre a Sabbath, which doth bring
Them ſafe from threatning danger. *Antip.* Madam, *Amen*;
With that prayer Ile ioyne euer, and inuoke
Proſperity to guard them; —but (in heart)
Wiſh that damnation, like a Thunder-bolt,
Would beat them into cynders. *Her.* 'Tis reſolu'd,
Force ſhall compell what vertuouſly I would
Haue ſought from milde intreaty; for thoſe Trunks,
Goe throw them into *Silo*, let that Lake
Deuoure them and their treaſures. *Ioſ.* Not ſo good,
You may, by that meanes, blind-fold caſt away
What you would after purchaſe with your blood;
But cannot then recall it: Sir, conceiue;
There may be Complots, Letters, Stratagems,
And things we cannot dreame of. *Kip.* Nay, perhaps
Some new negotiations. *Sal.* Paper tongues,
That may diſcouer ſtrange diſſemblers. *Her.* True,
You haue preuail'd, breake vp thoſe rotten Tombes,
Lets ſee what Ghoſts they harbor. Ha, whats this?
Here they breake open the trunks, and finde Alexandra, and Ariſtobulus the elder.
Mar. O me, my Mother and my Brother! Eyes
Drop out and ſee not their deſtruction.

Antip.

Antip. Vnhappy chance. *Ios.* Vnfortunate young-man.
Y. Ariſt. 'Tis fate not to be ſhunned.
P. Alex. Woe the time.
Her. What's heere: the high Prieſt like a Iuggler?
Are theſe his holy Garments; this his Roabe,
His Breſt-plate and his Ephod, his rich Coate,
His Miter and his Girdle? Can it be,
That this was once Queene of *Ieruſalem?*
O you immortall Gods, to what diſguiſe
Will Treachery transforme vs!
Q. Alex. Rather thinke,
How ſharpe a plague is Tyrannie: O King,
Remember 'tis the fierceſt Beaſt, of all
That are accounted ſauage; yet delights
In Flattery, which is the worſt of them
That are tame and domeſtique: With theſe Fiends
My life can finde no pleaſure; doe not then
Blame me to ſeeke my freedome.
Eld. Ariſt. Mighty Sir,
If Life bee th'onely Iewell Heauen can lend,
And that in the Creation was not made
A thing of equall purchaſe; how can wee
Offend, that but preſerue it? You may ſay,
It hath deceiu'd vs; yet Sir, I will thinke
How ere it finiſh heere, 'tis but a ſtroke
To draw it forth vnto eternity.
Her. 'Tis a good reſolution; for (beleeu't)
Your dayes on earth are finiſht; treacherous plots
Like theſe, ſhall not ore take me.
Q. Alex. But your Tyrannie
Shall out-runne all example: Sir, Deſpaire
Armes me with truth and boldneſſe; I dare now
Tell you, of Kings, you are the wickedeſt;
And I, that in the ruines of my blood,
Read your deſtroying nature, and collect
Into a ſhort briefe many Tragedies,
Acted vpon our family; what hope
Is left, that can aſſiſt vs?

Her. You

Her. You are plaine.

Q. Alex. Truth hath no need of figures: Was't not you
That did betray *Hircanus* in his flight
To the Arabian Monarch; and when laid
In harmeleſſe ſleepe then ſlew him? Did not you
Hire the bloody *Caſſius* to cut off
My fathers head, (the lou'd *Antigonus?*)
Haue you not kild my Husband, troad my Sonnes
Into the mire, that you might ſafely walke
Ouer their heads vnto Ambition?
And can you hope, that wee haue any hope
In you, but deſolation? *Her.* Your deſpaire
Turne temperance into folly; Charity
Would more become the dying. *E. Ariſt.* Tis confeſt;
Nor is it loſt in this ſad Argument:
We know our liues are forfeyt, take them Sir;
To dye, is the firſt contract that was made
Twixt Mankinde and the World; tis a debt,
For which there's no forgiueneſſe, th'onely cauſe
For which we were created; and, indeed,
To die's mans nature, not his puniſhment;
What folly then would ſhun it? Boldly Sir,
Vſe what your power hath conquer'd. *Her.* So I will;
Your owne lips are your Iudges; and theſe hands,
Arm'd with theſe two Stillettoes at one blow,
Shall thus driue all feares from me; but vnite *Offers to ſtab,*
Two friends in mine imbraces; happy ones, *lets the poniard*
Exceeding happy ones; let not your feares *fal, & imbraces*
Draw to your eyes falſe figures, or make me *Ari. & Alex.*
Appeare that which I am not: come, I loue you,
Dearely I loue you; all that I haue done
Conſtraint, and not my nature perfitted:
Be henceforth free for euer; *Egypt*, nor
The World ſhall ſafelier guard you; as you ſtand
Thus ſhall you ſtill ſupport me; Holines *Places Ariſt. on his*
Vpon my right hand; Mother you ſhall ſit *right hand, and Q.*
Euer vpon my left hand; both ſhall be *Alex. on his left.*
Mine Armour, Counſell, and proſperity.

Omnes.

Omnes. This grace is paſt example; *Herod's* a God.
Her. 'Tis but their firſt ſtep to felicity:
Antipater, your eare.
Herod whiſpers with Antipater, Antipater with Y. Alexander, and Prince Ariſtobulus.
Y. Alex. Mother, the King is gracious.
Q. Alex. Paſt beleefe,
Nor ſhall the memory loſe me; this not fain'd,
Ile fixe my prayers vpon him. *Ioſ.* You ſhall doe
Wrong to your royall nature to ſuſpect him.
E. Ariſt. Sir, 'tis true;
I hold his word a rocke to build vpon.
P. Ariſt. The ſport is excellent, the wager firme,
My perſon ſhall maintaine it.
Y. Alex. So ſhall mine. *Clap hands.*
Antip. And if I ſhrinke, make me a weather-cocke.
Her. How ſoone a foule day's cleered: Now to make
Your happineſſe more conſtant; Brother, know,
The Temple of King Salomon which I
The other day defaced and threw downe
Low as the earth it ſtood on; once againe
I will erect with double excellence.
Ioſeph, my Brother, to your noble charge
I giue that holy building; ſee it fram'd
To th'height of Art and wonder; ſpare no gold,
Iewels, nor rich imboſture; I haue mines,
And all ſhall be exhauſted; that the world
May boaſt, King *Herod* out-went *Salomon.*
Ioſ. Sir, y'haue ingag'd me where my heart deſir'd;
Doubt not my diligence. *Her.* Tis knowne too well:
How now, what newes Centurion? How ſtands fate
Betweene *Auguſtus* and *Marke Anthony*? *Enter Hillus.*
Hill. O royall Sir, deadly vnfortunate;
For, neuer was ſo ſad a day before *Antip. E. Ariſt.*
Seene to ore-couer *Ægypt*: To be briefe *Y. Ari. P. Alex.*
Auguſtus hath the Conqueſt; *Anthony* *whiſper.*
Lies buried in the blood his warlike hand
Strucke from his royall boſome; the ſad Queene

Ouretakes him with like fury, and now both
Are turnd to dust and ashes. *Her.* Thou hast spoke
Much sorrow in a few words. *Hill.* But hold still
Farre greater to vnburthen: Soone as chance
Had made *Augustus* happy, and orethrowne
Faire *Cleopatra*, and her *Anthony*;
Hee viewes his spoyles, and 'mongst them findes the aide
Y'ad sent to interpose him: Now hee frownes,
Bends his inraged forehead, and protests,
That *Iuda* and *Ierusalem* shall curse
They euer heard the name of *Anthony*:
And this hee spake with such an Emphasis,
As shooke my heart within me; yet gaue wings
Vnto my faith to tell you. *Her.* Sir, no more,
Th'ast split me with thy Thunder; I haue made
Rome and the world my mortall enemies;
Yet vertue did transport me; but that guard
Is no guard now: Tell me, Centurion,
Where did you leaue *Augustus?* *Hill.* Sir, in *Rhodes.*
Her. Tis a faire easie Iourney, I'm resolu'd;
Nor shall perswasion change me; hence Ile goe,
And as a Hermite throw at *Cæsars* feete
My Crowne and person; if hee pitty them,
My peace is made; if otherwise,
My fault flies not beyond me. *Kip.* O my Sonne,
This is a desperate hazard. *Sal.* Nay tis more;
A tempting of your fortune. *Her.* Be content,
Mother and Sister, nothing alters me;
Nor doe they loue me, that would draw my will
To any other compasse: *Ioseph*, to you
I leaue the Realmes protection, and the care
Of building vp the Temple: Nay, no teares, *The women*
They propheſie my death, which doe but shew *weepe.*
A low dejected countnance; if I haue
Power in your hearts, this day I challenge you
To giue them vnto pastime, that the world
May see, we dread not fortune. *Antip.* Tis resolu'd;
And Ile be first to shew obedience.

Sir,

Sir, 'twixt my Princely Brothers and my ſelfe,
I'ue made a match of Swimming, if you pleaſe
But to allow the Contract. *Her.* How is't made?
Antip. That I and th'high Prieſt *Ariſtobulus*,
Will ſwim more ſwift, more comely, and more wayes,
Then can my Princely Brothers. *Her.* Are all agreed?
Eld. Ariſt. All, if your Maieſty conſent thereto.
Her. For thoſe young men it skils not; but Sir, you,
I'm curious of your danger. *Ant.* There's no feare.
T. Alex. Tis a braue recreation. *T. Ariſt.* A fit skill
For Princes to delight in. *Eld. Ariſt.* Gracious Sir,
Let me conſort my Brothers. *Her.* Be your will
Your owne director; I am ſatisfied.
All. Why tis a match then.
Her. Yet looke well to your ſafeties; for my ſelfe,
Rhodes is mine obiect: Deareſt Loue, farewell;
This kiſſe ſeale my remembrance; Mothers, let
Your onely prayers aſſiſt me; for the reſt,
Deſpaire not till my downfall; goe, away,
Reply not, if you loue me; only *Antipater*, *Exe. all but Herod and Antip.*
Stay and attend me further. Princely youth,
Of all the hopes that doe attend my life,
Thy Greatneſſe is my greateſt; nor would I *Ioſeph returnes and liſtens.*
Imbarque me in this deſperate veſſell thus,
Wer't not to raiſe thy fortunes: But tis now
No time for Courtſhip; onely, I muſt leaue
Two ſad commandments with thee. *Ant.* Speak them Sir,
Without exception, you cannot deuiſe
What Ile not execute. *Her.* Tis nobly ſaid:
Thou ſeeſt the high Prieſt *Ariſtobulus*,
And knowſt how like a heauy waight he hangs,
Preſſing our fortunes downeward; if hee liue
Our liues haue no aſſurance. *Ant.* Tis reſolu'd,
Hee neuer ſees to morrow; ſoone at night,
When we doe ſwim our wager, Ile ſo teach
His Holineſſe to diue, that on the earth
He nere ſhall tread to hurt vs. *Her.* Thou haſt hit
The obiect that I lookt at. *Ioſ.* (But ſhot wide

Of goodnes, and all good thoughts.) *Her.* This performd,
There yet remaines another thing to doe,
Which neerelier doth concerne me. *Ant.* Speake it Sir;
Your pleasure is mine Armour. *Her.* Briefly thus,
If through my fortune, or *Augustus* wrath,
I perish in this Iourney; by that loue,
Which nature, fauour, or my best deserts
Can kindle in thy bosome; I coniure
And binde thee on the first intelligence,
By poyson, sword, or any violent meanes,
To kill my Wife *Marriam*; let no man
But *Herod* tast her sweetnesse; which perform'd,
My soule in death shall loue thee. *Ant.* Thinke tis done;
By heauen the houre which tells me of your death,
Is th'oure of her destruction; I haue sworne,
And there's no fate can change me. *Her.* Be thy selfe,
Constant and vnremoued; so farewell.

Ios. Two fiends like these were neuer spit from Hell.

Exeunt Herod and Ioseph seuerally.

Ant. Goe *Herod*, happy King; nay *Herod*, goe,
Vnhappy, cause so happy; happy King,
Whilst th'art a King; vnhappy when no King:
Hangs then mishap or hap vpon a King, or no King?
Then *Herod*, be no King; *Antipater* be King:
And what's a King? a God: and what are Gods, but Kings?
Ioue, Prince of Gods, was petty King of paltry *Creete*;
Men subiect are to Kings and Gods; but of the twaine,
Their Gods than Kings commands, they rather disobay;
Kings greater then; nay, better then, then Gods:
Then but a King or God, naught with *Antipater*;
And rather King then God; no God; a King, a King.
When I complaine to Eccho but head-aking; it cries, a King:
When I, in mirth, am musique making; it sounds, a King:
Each sight, when I am waking; presents a King:
When I my rest am taking; I see a King.
Last night I saw, or seem'd to see; nay, sure I saw
A Crown hang ore my head; & throgh the Crown a Sword:
I saw, I sigh'd; I cryed, O when? O when?

Fall

Fall Crowne; yea fall with Sword; fall both, so one may fall:
But why dreame I of falling, that must rise;
Nay runne, nay leape, nay flie vnto a Crowne?
Gyants heape hills on hills, to scale high Heauen;
I, heads on heads, to climbe a Kingdomes Skye:
But oh, I am a Sonne; a Sunne, O happy name;
A Sunne must shine alone, obscuring Moone, and Starres:
I, but I am a Bastard; what of that?
Men base by birth, in worth are seldome base;
And Natures Out-casts, still are Fortunes Darlings:
Bacchus, *Apollo*, *Mercury*; Bastards, yet braueſt Gods:
Then, why not I a God, a Demi-God, or Worthy?
You Gods, you Demi-Gods, you Worthies then assist me;
That, as our birth was like, our worth may beare like price:
If they refuse; come Deuils, and befriend me;
My breast lies open; come; come Furies and possesse it;
Hatch heere some monstrous brood, worthy of you and me;
Which all Posterities may know, but none beleeue;
Whereat the Sunne may not goe backe, as once it did,
At *Atreus* tyrannie; but fall and dye for euer: (ble;
Wherat the Heau'ns may quake, Hell blush, & Nature trem-
And men (halfe mad) may stand amaz'd. So, so, it works, it
My breast swels to a Mountaine; and I breed (works;
A Monster, past description; to whose birth,
Come Furies, and bee Mid-wiues. Harke! O harke!

Dumbe Shew.

Musique: and, Enter Egystus and Clitemnestra dancing a Curranto, which is broken off by the sound of Trumpets: then, enter Agamemnon, and diuers Noblemen in Triumph: Egystus whispers with Clitemnestra, and deliuers her a sleeueleſſe shirt; then slips aside: Clitemnestra imbraces Agamemnon, he dismisses his Traine; shee offers him the shirt, he offers to put it on, and being intangled, Egystus and she kils him; then departs, leauing at Antipaters feete two Scrowles of paper.

Ant. So shall it be; shall it? no shalls; tis done, dispatcht:
Who can resolue, can doe; who can dispose, can better:
My way, seauen single persons, and two houses crosse;
Supported by a many headed beast:

O, had they all one head, or all their heads one necke,
Or all their necks one body, which one blow might broach;
But had they *Hydra's* heads, *Gerions* bodies; *Hercules*,
By making them away, would make his way to Heauen:
But as an hunger-ſtarued Tyger, betweene two Heifers,
Here yawnes, there gapes, in doubt where firſt to faſten;
So doubt I where to ſet my pawes, but care not where;
My Father ſhall be firſt, that order be obſeru'd;
Whoſe death I wiſh, not worke, leſt piety be wanting;
Rome will I hope eaſe me of that diſturbance:
Herod is come *Auguſtus*, friend to thy foe, and ſo thy foe;
Keep him *Auguſtus*, nay kill him *Auguſtus*, or *Ioue* kill him &
Paſſe he by Land or Sea, or Hell, or vnder Heauen: (thee;
O Earth; food vnto him, or none, or noyſome giue:
O Sea; his ſhips or ſinke in ſands, or drinke in waues:
O Heauen; or ſtop his breath, or lend contagious breath:
O Hell; for kindneſſe, call him in thy wombe: In ſumme,
Gape Earth, ſwell Seas, fall Heauen, Hell ſwallow him:
But, let me ſee; what ſay my helliſh Counſellors?
Egyſtus wooes, and winnes, and weares a Crowne: a Queene
Receiues with loue (falſe loue) the Victor King; vnarm'd,
She cloaths him in her handi-worke, a ſhirt,
Which had no head or armes to iſſue out;
Intangled thus they ſlew him: let me ſee,
What haue they left? thus *Clitemneſtra* writes;
Per ſcelera ſemper ſceleribus tutum eſt iter;
Fond is the ſtay of ſinne; ſinne ſafeſt way to ſinne;
Egyſtus leaues this axiome;
Nec regna ſcotium ferre, nec tedæ ſciunt;
None, or alone; Kings can indure no Riuals;
I vnderſtand you well; and ſo will worke;
Whetting againſt my Father both his Wife,
His Siſter and her Husband; ſome by Feare,
Some by Beleefe, and ſome by Iealouſie:
Thus riſe I on their heads, and with their hands
Rip vp their naturall Bowels: Tis decreed,
The Plot is laid, Parts muſt bee playd,
No time delaid. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lime the Maſon, Handſaw the Carpenter, and Durs the Labourer.

Han. Tis a good handſome Plot, and full of Art;
But how like you my Modell for the Timber-worke?

Lim. Pretty, pretty, if the ſeates be not too ſpacious.

Dur. O, tis much the better, and fitter for the Scribes & Phariſies to ſleepe vpon: but here comes the Lord *Ioſeph.*

Enter Ioſeph.

Ioſ. Well ſaid my maiſters, and how mounteth the braue Temple? may a man ſtand on the top of it and orelooke the Sunne?

Han. The Sunne is very high Sir; yet there is neuer an Almanacke-maker, but may lie on his backe and behold *Capricorne.*

Ioſ. Tut, any fooliſh Citizen may doe that which hath his wife for his maiſter: but ſtay; what's hee?

Enter Achitophel & Diſeaſe, with a Banner full of ruptures.

Ach. Come away *Diſeaſe*, and hang vp theſe my trophees,
Whilſt I with gentle ayre, beat vpon the eares of paſſengers.

Diſ. At hand Sir, and heere is your Enſigne; as for your Drugges, there is not one of them but is able to ſend a man to God or the Diuell in an inſtant. *Achitophel ſings.*

ACH. *Come will you buy, for I haue heere*
The rareſt Gummes that euer were;
Gold is but droſſe and Features dye,
Els Æſculapius tels a lie:
But I,
Come will you buy,
Haue Medicines for that Maladie.

Ioſ. What's hee?

Lim. O Sir, it is one that vndertakes to know more Simples, then euer grew in Paradiſe; tis *Rabbi Achitophel.*

Ioſ. What, the famous Mountebanke?

Dur. The ſame Sir. *Achitophel ſings.*

ACH. *Is there a Lady in this place,*
Would not bee maſk't, but for her face;

O doe not bluſh, for heere is that
Will make your pale cheekes plumpe and fat.
Then why
Should I thus crye,
And none a Scruple of mee buye.

Ioſ. Reuerend Iew; I heare y'are fam'd for many rarities;
As Sculpture, Painting, and the ſetting forth
Of many things that are inſcrutable;
Beſides you are a learned rare Phyſitian.

Ach. I know as much as ere *Sambaſhaw* did,
That was old *Adams* Schoolmaiſter; for, look you Sir: *Sings.*

Heere is a rare Mercurian Pill,
An Anodine helps euery ill;
The Diſſenterea, and the Gout,
And cures the ſniueling in the Snout.
The Sicke,
Or any Cricke,
Straight cures this Diaphoreticke.

Ioſ. I ſhall haue imployment for you.

Ach. The Iew is all your Creature, and his skill
Hee'l willingly beſtow vpon your gooduelſe.

Ioſ. O Sir, you ſhall not.

Diſ. Yes Sir, my Maiſter will willingly giue you his skill;
Yet, with this *Memorandum*, you muſt pay for his good will.

Ioſ. I am no niggard, Sir.

Diſ. Beſides, my Lord, there's neuer a Pibble in *Iordan*, but my Maiſter is able to make the Philoſophers Stone of it.

Dur. O wonderfull! as how I pray you Sir?

Diſ. Why by extraction, ſolution, reuerberation, coagulation, fixation, viuiuication, mortification, & *multa alia.*

Ach. Peace knaue, I ſay, theſe pearls muſt not feed Porkets.

Han. How, doe you make Swine of vs? I tell you we are as arrand Iewes as your ſelfe.

Ioſ. No more, y'are all for mine imployment; you for ſtone,
You for Painting, you for Timber-worke;
No man ſhall want his merit: Goe, away,

Apply

Apply your labours, there's a largesse for you.
All. O braue Lord *Ioseph.* *Sings.*

A CH. *Come to me Gallants you whose need,*
The common Surgeons cannot reede;
Heere is a Balme will cure all sores,
Got in Broyles, or vnwholsome whores.
Come away,
For why the day,
Is past, and heere I cannot stay. Exe. all but *Ioseph.*

Enter Alexandra & Marriam, Antipater & Salumith aloft.

Q. Alex. O cease my *Marriam*, teares can doe no good;
This Murder's past example; to be drownd,
Drownd in a shallow murmure where the stones
Chid the faint water for not couering them.
O, 'twas a plot beyond the Diuell sure;
Man could not haue that mallice. *Mar.* Madam yes,
And 'twas some great one too that had his fist
Thrust in the blood of *Aristobulus*.
Q. Ale. For which blood Ile haue vengeance, & my tears
Shall neuer drye till it bee perfited.
Ios. Madam, forbeare complaining; would this were
The worst of Mischiefes iourney. *Mar.* Know you worse?
Ios. I dare not speake my knowledge, though my heart
Leapes twixt my lips to vtter Mysteries.
Antip. Note you that *Salumith*?
Sal. Yes. it hath pincht her on the petticoate.
Mar. Sir, as y'are noble, whatsoere you know
Of these mishaps, with freedome vtter it. *Q. Al.* Vtter it;
For Heau'ns sake vtter it, noble, worthy Lord.
Ios. Madam, I dare not.
Mar. As you loue vertue speake it; let my teares
Winne so much from thy goodnesse; noble Sir,
Soule of thy Generation, thou honestest 'mongst men:
O speake it, speake it. *Ant.* Note you this Courtship?
Sal. Yes, tis Sorcery.
Q. Alex. Good Sweete, vnlocke these counsels.

Mar. By all the bonds of Chastity and truth,
It shall proceede no further. *Ios.* You haue laid
Such strong Commandments on me I must yeeld:
Harke, your eares. *Whispers.*
Antip. Are they not kissing Madam?
Sal. Yes; may poyson flow betweene them.
Q. Alex. *Antipater*; he drowne him!
Ios. Nay, be still; you shall heare greater mischiefe.
Mar. Poyson me, if he perish! O you Gods,
What Treason lurkes in Greatnesse; this hath made
Wounds in my heart, through which his loue and name,
Is fled from me for euer! *Ios.* Tis a fault
Which asks your deepest wisedome: come, let's in;
Ile tell you stranger Stories. *Q. Alex.* Yet I feare,
None that can draw more vengeance or despaire. *Exeunt.*
Antip. Awaken Madam, they are vanished.
Sal. Not from mine outrage, that shall like a storme
Follow them and confound them; I will make
The world in blood, text downe my cruelties.
Ant. I cannot blame you, tis strange impudence.
Sal. Ile be reueng'd; by all my hopes I will,
Highly and deeply; shallow foole, no more;
Still waters drowne, the shallow doe but roare. *Exit Sal.*
Ant. Ile not be farre behinde, but helpe to send
All vnto hell; tis for a Crowne I stand,
And Crownes are oft the ruines of a Land. *Ex. Ant.*
Enter Augustus, Decius, Lucullus, and Attendants.
Aug. Thus haue we queld Rebellion; thus (like smoke)
Vanishes hence the name of *Anthony*:
Only some Props remaine yet; which Ile rend
Vp by the roots and scatter: amongst which
Vngratefull *Herod* is a Principall;
On whom Ile shower my vengeance. *Enter Mutius.*
Mut. Gracious Sir; the King of *Iuda*, like a Supplicant,
Desires accesse vnto your Maiestie. *Aug.* Who, *Herod?*
Mut. Sir, the same. *Aug.* Tis a strange ouer-daring.
Luc. An attempt wisedome would hardly runne to.
Aug. Call him in;

Hee dares not come to braue vs; *Rome* hath power
To ſhake a ſtronger building; and his feares
Are glaſſes of his danger: no man looke
On *Iuda*, but with hatred. *Enter Herod.*

Her. Mighty Sir; to you, as him of whom I firſt receiu'd.
The Crowne of *Iuda*, humbly I returne it;
And thus ariſe. Know now (the great'ſt 'mongſt men)
Tis not for Life I plead, but Honeſty,
For Vertue, Valour, Honour, Proweſſe, Grace,
And all good mens acquaintance: I confeſſe,
I ayded *Anthony*; if for that I fall,
A true friends teares ſhall bee my Funerall.

Luc. Tis a rare Gratulation. *Dec.* I'm affraid
New feare will alter it. *Mut.* Obſerue the Emperour.

Her. Tis true (great Sir) your ſacred hand was firſt
Inueſted mee in *Iuda*; gaue mee that
I can forſake with comfort: keepe it ſtill;
Who from a Crowne is rid, is free from cares;
I prize the worth, leſſe then two fluxine teares.

Aug. This is a kinde of brauing. *Her.* Heare me forth;
And when y'aue heard; this, for extremitie:
Since firſt the time I wore the ſorrowfull Wreath,
(For Crownes and Sorrowes are incorporate,
And hang like linkes, one wreathed in another)
Since firſt the Crowne I wore, you knew my grieues;
But nere relieu'd me by Perſon or by Deputy;
No, not when *Aſia* and the *Affricke* ſtrands
Ioyn'd both to ouer-throw me: onely, then
The euer-prais'd (now loſt) *Marke Anthony*
Thruſt forth his hand and ſtaid me; he kept firme
My foote that then was ſliding; I, for this,
Sent him not ayde, but rent long purchaſed.
O (gracious Sir) view mine oblidgements well,
And you ſhall ſee vertue did gouerne me.
Why, did his life yet lie within my hands,
Thus would I ſtraddle ore him as I ſtand;
Mine armes diſſeuer'd like two Rhodian Props;
And ere I bent, my Trunke ſhould be the Baſe

For his dread foes to build Ambition on:
This would I doe; and, if this bee a Crime,
It is so good an one, I scorne my breath:
Who liues the liues the longest still must end in death;
And so must I.

Aug. Thou art thine owne Iudge *Herod:* call a Slaue,
A desperate Slaue; 'mongst all our Prisoners, *Exit Mut.*
Chuse him that hath least mercy: you shall finde,
Your Friendship had a false grownd. *Enter Mut. & a Slaue.*

Her. Cæsar, no; Vertue was the foundation, and you may
Batter, but not orethrow it. *Aug.* Well Ile try
The vtmost of your fortitude: arme that Slaue;
And Sirrah, kill that Traytor; tis a worke
That brngs you home your Freedome.

1. *Sla.* Gracious Sir, what is he I must murder?

Aug. Tis a King. 1. *Sla.* Ha!

Dec. Villaine, why star'st thou? Strike, I say, you Slaue.

1. *Sl.* Slaue, Ile not strike; knowst thou or he, or he, or *Cæsar*
What tis to bee a Murderer; nay, more,
The Murderer of a King; nay, most of all,
To murder God himselfe; (for such are Kings:)
O you dull bloody Romans; see, in's eyes
Are thousands of arm'd arm'd Angels; and each Ray
A flame of Lightning ready to deuoure
The hand thats lift gainst sacred Maiesty.
Cæsar, I'm no Italian; though thy Slaue,
I will not be thy Diuell; these are bred
Ith' Shambles, let them Butcher; fetch for this
Some from the Roman Gallowes; for they are
Hangmen that must performe it; and thou lookst
Like one: goe, take the Office, Ile not doo it.

Aug. The Slaue's affraid to strike him; timerous Coward:
Call another. *Exit Mutius.*

1. *Sla.* Timerous! *Cæsar*, no:
Were I to scale a Tower, or sacke a Towne,
I'de doo't; although the ruines fell like Quarries on me:
Timerous! I neare fear'd Mankinde; *Cæsar*, know,
Nor earth nor Hell hath ought that can affright me:

I'ue buckled with proud *Iulius* thine Vncle, and was one
That, by expulsion, beate him from bright *Albion:*
And yet to kill a King, I'm timerous. *Ent. Mut. & 2. Sla.*
Aug. Let that Slaue haue the weapon: Sirrah, kill
That King, and haue thy freedome: wilt thou doo't?
2. *Sla.* Yes, for my liberty,
As soone as you can speake it: Shall I strike?
Aug. Stay, what's thy Country?
2. *Sla. Rome, Rome*; I was bred in one of those Colledges where Letchery and Murder are Pue-mates: Come, will you giue the word? *Her.* Doe not deferre it *Cæsar*,
I haue made peace with my Conscience long since.
Aug. Why then strike.
Yet Villaine hold; art not amaz'd to doo't?
2. *Sla.* Amaz'd, why?
To strike off these my shackles, such a blow
I would giue to my Father. *Aug.* But a worse
Shall fall vpon thy Carcasse: binde that Slaue,
And throw him headlong downe into the Sea;
The earth's too much infected. —*Herod*, thus
Mine armes giues thee thy freedome: take thy Crowne;
Weare it with safety; and but be to mee
Faithfull; Ile loue thee as did *Anthony*.
Her. Cæsar is royall; and, by this, hath bound
A faithfull Seruant to him. *Aug.* For that wretch,
Giue him his Lberty; since th'ast seru'd
Vertue, thou shalt serue *Cæsar*; henceforth be
Commander ore a Legion: Those that know
Goodnesse; by Goodnesse euer greater grow.
1. *Sla. Cæsar's* a God in all things. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus prima.

Act. 2. Scœna 1.

Enter at one Dore Marriam and Alexandra; at another Kiparim and Salumith, they meete and passe disdainfully.

Kip. Lord how their poyson swels them.
Sal. Sure they'l burst, if this strong Chollicke hold them.

Mar. Mother, withdraw; the Greeke begins to scold.
Sal. And why to scold, proud Madame?
Mar. Nay, I want a tongue for your encounter.
Kip. Yet this thing,
Of which thou art deriued, ought to know
Shee owes me some obeysance; though she was
Mother to him that wore the Crowne, I am
Mother to him that weares it.
Sal. Tut, pride loues not to distinguish: goodly Lord, not so much as how doe you forsooth; (euery fooliſh Citizens salutation;) nor haile to the Sister of my Lord the King, (euery Court-Coxecombes Congee;) nor saue you sweet Lady, (Fooles and Physitians Orizons)
Mar. How this shewes.
Kip. It shewes that you are insolent.
Q. Alex. Insolent: hugge it sweetly, tis your owne;
And euery sinne besides that's damnable:
Come, y'are despised Grecians; so prophane,
Ignoble and vnholy, that our Tribes
Are staind in your coniunctions; poore things, know,
Your titular King, in whom your glories dwell,
Is but a royall murderer; your selues,
And his proud Bastard, bloody Substitutes:
O, I could paint you brauely; for my grieues
Haue all your perfect colours. *Sal.* Come I could
Make you runne dog-like backe, and from the ground
Licke vp the filth you vtterd. *Mar.* Neuer sure;
Sheele leaue it where she found it. *Sal.* Yes, and you
Leaue vertue where you found it; harke you Queene,
You are vnchast, and most incontinent.
Mar. Incontinent: with whom?
Sal. His picture lies within you; plucke it out,
And let your false heart follow.
Mar. It is Truths part to suffer; so must I.
Sal. Vengeance vpon such sufferance.
Q. Alex. Come, y'are a barbarous Creature.
Kip. Base *Edomite.* *Q. Alex.* Slanderous Grecian.
Sal. Old Beldame. *Q. Alex.* Young Cocatrice.

Kip.

Kip. S'death, I could teare thine eyes out. *Enter Antip.*
Q. Alex. Do but (This) that motion ſhall deſtroy thee.
Sal. Marry mew.
Ant. Hold in the name of Venue; heere's a braule
Able to inflame patience: Beautious Queene,
Diuineſt *Alexandra*; what can moue
Theſe ſtormes in this calme weather. *Mar.* Flattering Sir,
You beſt can cloſe vp miſchiefe. *Ant.* If I may,
Ile lay my life a ſubiect to your mercies;
Make me your footſtooles to appeaſe your wrathes;
My blood Ile make your ſacrifice. *Q. Alex.* No more;
I that but now ſhed teares, now laugh: O God!
To ſee ſo braue a Maiſter-piece of Villany
By ſuch a Baſtard Iſſue bee compacted:
Thou make attonement? Hence Baſtard, hence;
The dregges of Luſt, the foule Diſeaſe of Wine,
That wert begot when ſinne was reuelling:
Thou make attonement? No; goe learne to drowne
The Lords elected people; heere ſtands ſhee
That lookes to taſt thy poyſon. *Ant.* Miracles!
Wreſt not my good thoughts (Madam) for I call
Iuſt Heauen to witneſſe how I lou'd your Sonne;
And would my ſelfe haue dyed to ranſome him;
But your miſpriſion I impute to heate
And Chollericke ſpleene, which now miſgouernes you.
Kip. Nay, you ſhould thanke her for abuſing you;
Wee are become her vaſſals. *Ant.* Thinke not ſo.
Sal. Yes, and cry vengeance for it; wicked one,
There's wier whips in making, and I know
Furies will ſoundly laſh you; you, and you;
Both are markt out to periſh; faith you are. *Enter Ioſeph.*
Ioſ. How now; what means this outrage? Peace for ſhame;
This talke fits Stewes and Brothels: Come, no more;
Mother, your iudgement ſhould be farre more wiſe;
And Madam, you ſhould be more temperate:
At Princes hands, all iniuries ſhould looke
Not for reuenge but patience.
Kip. Thou which art made of Cowardiſe and feare;

Doſt

Dost thou confirme their actions? *Sal.* Yes, tis fit;
Lust still must flatter falshood.
Ios. Ha; what's that? why Wife——
Sal. Call me not Wife;
The sound of death hath farre more Musique in it:
Wife? O, my fate! Wife vnto such a Letcher?
Ios. Why *Salumith.*
Sal. Ile be no *Salumith* of thine, ther'es your Loue;
She whom you foster in her insolencies;
Shee's your *Salumith:* O crudulous women,
How easily are you guld, with a seducing kisse!
Ant. Now it workes.
Sal. A faire word makes the Diuell seeme a Saint;
But Ile be reueng'd, and in so strange a course
As neuer woman tooke. D'yee perpetrate my goodnes?
There's your *Salumith.* *Ant.* Admirable still.
Kip. And there's th'old Hen her Mother,
A couple of season'd dishes, fall too, fall too.
Ant. Nay Madam, y'are too bitter.
Ios. By Heauen & happines, I know not what this meanes;
Yet were the King not sodainly return'd,
And crau'd our swift attendance; I would sift
And try this language strangely.
Ant. Is the King return'd? *Ios.* He is, and safely.
Kip. Then my hate, Ile giue thee fire to worke on.
Sal. So will I; I'm arm'd with able mischiefe.
Ant. And my plots
Shall runne as fast to ayd and second you.
Ios. Ladies, shake hands with passion, and let's ioyne
To meete the King with royall cheerefulnesse.
Mar. Sir, not I;
Let them that loue their horror seeke it still:
Goodnesse I want, with him is all thats ill.
Q. Alex. You may report our speeches; say, our ioy
Is, we haue left no more he can destroy. *Exe. Q. Alex.*
Ios. This is a violent passion. *& Marriam.*
Ant. Let it rule;
Repentance needes must follow.

Enter

Enter Herod, P. Alex. Y. Aristob. Pheroas, and Attendants.

Omnes. Welcome, O welcome to *Ierusalem*;
May *Herod* liue for euer fortunate.

Her. We thank you: Mother & Sister, rise; let no knee bow
But to the Gods of *Greece*; by whose support
Wee stand vnshakt and vnremoou'd: but (me thinkes)
In this great vniuersall Rhapsodie
Of comfort and amazement, I doe misse
Two faire companions of my happinesse:
Where is my louely *Marriam*? what withdrawes
Her Mother *Alexandra*? Sure, my heart
Lookt for their entertainment. *Ios.* Gracious Sir,
Th'vnfortunate destruction of her Sonne,
The high Priest *Aristobulus* (late drownd
Within the Riuer *Rigill*) so takes vp
Their hearts with powerfull sorrow, that their minds
Are borne with nothing but calamity.

Her. That gueſt is soone remoued; goe, my Sonnes,
Informe your Grandmother and Mother-Queene,,
How much I long to see them. *P. Alex.* Tis a worke
Worthy our duties. *Her. Ioseph*, goe, attend;
There's need of your assistance. *Ex. P. Alex. Y. Ari. & Ios.*

Sal. Yes; and all I feare too weake to draw them:
Royall Sir, you are abus'd in your credulity;
It is not griefe but malice, bitter spleene,
An anger I may call Treason, which keepes backe
These two from noble duties: Sir, they say
You doe vsurpe, and are a Murderer;
And teach all yours to murder; that you are
No lawfull King of *Israel*; but a *Greeke*
Descended basely; drawne from polluted blood:
Prophane, vnholy; nay, (indeed) what not
That Rancor can imagine? Sir, I feare
Your life is plotted on; a wrath like theirs,
So lowd, so publique, nay so impudent;
Is not without assistance. *Ant.* Brauely vrg'd.

Her. Good Sister, thinke not so; a losse like theirs
Will make dumbe patience muteny; beleeu't,

It moues much in my owne breſt; as for plots,
Alas, what can they dreame of? *Sal.* Deſperate things.
Things which may ſhake your foot-hold; for, I feare
The Queene is turnd an *Aſpis*, and will ſpread
Her fatall poyſon ore you; if you doate,
The Lethargie will kill you: Sir, tis ſaid,
Nay, t'will be prou'd ſhe is incontinent.
Her. Incontinent! with whom?
Sal. With him I bluſh to mention; *Ioſeph* Sir,
Ioſeph my Husband wrongs you. *Her.* Peace for ſhame;
Your Iealouſie doth foole you. *Kip.* Well, take heede
Affection doe not blinde you: tis a ſtaine,
Almoſt the whole world finds out; and a truth,
Not hidden, but apparant; pray you Sir,
Speake you what is reported. *Ant.* Tis not fit,
Nor dare I credit Rumor, chiefly when
It ſpeakes of ſuch great perſons; yet tis true,
Many vilde things are vtterd; nay indeed
Some prou'd I wiſh were hidden: but alas,
Who knowes not Slander's euer impudent?
Sal. Doe not giue truth that title; for you know,
It will be prou'd by many witneſſes.
Her. Thart iealous Siſter, and than ſuch a fiend,
There is no worſe companion: come, no more;
Should all the Prophets, Patriarchs, and Prieſts
Lodg'd in the holy Bookes of Iſrael
Come forth and tell this meſſage, I would ſtand
Boldly and interpoſe them; for I know,
There is no truth to guard them; no nor faith.
O my Diuineſt *Marriam*, how art thou
And thy great ſweetneſſe iniur'd? Th'vnblowne Roſe,
The mines of Chryſtall, nor the Diamond,
Are halfe ſo chaſt, ſo pure and innocent.
O poore forſaken Vertue, how art thou
Torne downe by thy deſpiſers, and conſum'd
By th'enuious flame of the malicious?
But I am come to guard thee, and reſtore
Thy goodneſſe backe with intereſt; for I vow

To heare naught but thy praiſes: heere ſhee comes;
Enter P. Alex. Y. Ariſt. Ioſeph, Marriam, & Alexandra.
Welcome my deareſt, ſweeteſt, happieſt,
All that my longings looke for; thus, and thus,
Like a rich Chaine, my loue ſhall hang about thee;
And make the whole world doe thee reuerence;
Nay weepe not Mother; come, I know your care,
And beare an equall burthen: heere, O heere
Is the true Tombe of *Ariſtobulus*.
Q. Alex. You can diſſemble royally; but that
Cannot cure mine Impoſtume. *Her.* Say not ſo;
You muſt forget the worke of accident.
Q. Alex. Of accident? of plotted Maſſacre;
Murder beyond example: but there's left
A Hell to reckon with. *Her.* Good ſweet, no more;
Let not your Iudgement wrong you to ſuſpect
Mine Innocence vniuſtly; for, I vow,
Neuer came death ſo neare me; or did force
My teares in ſuch aboundance; but you know,
Earth muſt not queſtion Heauen: Yet to ſhew
My faire affection to your Princely Sonne;
Within an Vrne of Gold, Ile lodge his bones;
And to his Funerall Rites, adde ſuch a Pompe,
As ſhall amaze Inuention; and beſides,
There's not an eye in all *Ieruſalem*,
But ſhall drop ſorrow for him. *Q. Alex.* Funerals are
But wretched ſatisfactions. *Kip.* Note this pride.
Sal. Yes, and her Daughters ſullenneſſe.
Her. Why looks my louely *Marriam* downward, & deiects
The glory of her bright eye? I had thought
My ſafe returne (which ſtrikes a generall ioy
Through *Iuda* and *Ieruſalem*, and makes
Mount *Sion* ſo triumphant) had not had
The power to kill her comforts: Louely one;
How haue I loſt thy friendſhip; or, what Fiend
Sends this Diuorce betwixt vs?
Mar. Your owne Diſſimulation. Cruell Sir;
Y'aue dealt vniuſtly with me, and prophan'd

A Temple held you ſacred. *Her.* What, your ſelfe?
O doe not ſpeake it; for to that bleſt Shrine
I haue beene ſo religious, that the world
Hath oft condemnd me of Idolatry:
And can you then accuſe me? *Mar.* Yes, and call
Your owne heart to be witneſſe. *Her.* Let me then
Be ſtrucke with fearefull Thunder. *Mar.* Sir, take heed;
Vengeance is quicke in falling. *Her.* Let it come:
You call a Loue in queſtion, that's as iuſt
As Equity or Goodneſſe; by that power———
Mar. Come, you will now be periur'd; but Ile ſtay
That imputation from you: What became
Of your affection, when you bound that man;
If you miſcarried in your worke at *Rome*,
That he ſhould ſee me poyſon'd? Start you now?
O, twas a venom'd Complot. *Her.* Sir, a word:
Y'are a faithleſſe young man; and haue loſt
The great hope I had in you. *Ant.* By my life,
Hopes, and all fruitfull wiſhes; I'm of this
As Innocent as Silence: if my lips
Ere open'd to relate it; let me feele
Some ſodaine fatall iudgement: Gracious Sir,
Search out this ſecret further, 'twill be found
There is more Treaſon breeding. *Her.* I'm reſolu'd.
Madam, you haue accus'd me; and I ſtand
So ſtrongly on mine owne truth, that you muſt
Diſcouer your Informers: By that loue
Once you did faine to beare me; by that faith
Which ſhould linke married couples; by the awe,
Duty and truth of Women; or if theſe
Be canceld with you fury; yet by that
Great power your King hath ore you, and to ſhun
The ſcourge of Torments, which I ſollemnly
Will try to the extreameſt; heere I bind,
Nay, doe command you, that vnfainedly
You tell me who inform'd you. *Mar.* You haue laid
So great Commandments on me, that I dare
In no wiſe diſobey you. Sir, it was

Lord *Ioseph* that inform'd me. *Her.* Ha; *Ioseph*!
O my abused confidence! *Ant.* Now it workes.
Kip. The fire begins to kindle. *Sal.* But Ile bring
Fuell that shall inflame it.
Her. *Ioseph*? was't *Ioseph*? then tis time to feele
My cold dull vnbelieuing. *Ios.* O pardon me;
It was my loue, not malice. *Her.* No, your lust,
And you shall buy it dearely: Call a Guard. *Enter Aniuis,*
Haue I for this so often lost my selfe *and a Guard.*
Within the Labyrinth of her wanton eyes;
And am I now repaid with Treachery:
Ceaze on those wretched Creatures; *Salumith,*
Stand forth, and what thy knowledge can approue
Against those Traytors, speake it; now mine eare
Lies open to my safety. *Ant.* Brauely speake,
You shall haue strong supporters; now his eare
Is open, see you fill it. *Sal.* Doubt me not.
Great Sir, with confidence as full of Truth,
As they are full of Treason; I auerre,
These, in your absence, haue abus'd your bed,
With most incestuous foule Adultery.
Mar. All that's like goodnesse shield me.
Ios. Woman, looke vp;
The vault of Heauen is Marble; this vntruth
Will make it fall to kill thee. *Sal.* Let it come,
If I speake ought vniustly; all my words,
My blood and oath shall seale to.

Enter Antipater, Pheroas, and Achitophel.

Antip. Good, let my loue perswade thee; doe not buze
Such foule things in his eares; his Maiestie
Is too much mou'd already. *Phe.* Good my Lord,
Let me discharge my duty. *Ant.* Nay, for that,
I dare not to withstand; yet, questionlesse,
The Queene is not so wicked. ---Goe, put home;
Y'aue all things to assist you: ---Sirrah Iew,
Forget not thy preferment. *Ach.* Feare me not.
Her. How now, what tumult's that?
Phe. O my dread Lord,

Grant me your gracious pardon; I must tell
A sad and heauy Story; yet most true:
And yet 'gainst such a person, as I feare
Your eare will not receiue it. *Her.* Speake; 'gainst whom?
Phe. Against the Queene.
Mar. O sacred Truth, but thee,
I haue nor sword, nor armour. *Her.* Vtter it.
Phe. Since your departure, to my hands she brought
This fatall Violl; saying, *Pheroas*,
Thou art the Kings Cup-bearer; by my loue
I charge thee, when his Maiesty shall call
For wine, giue him this Potion; tis a draught
Shall crowne thee with great fortunes: I desir'd
To know the nature; shee, with solemne oathes,
Swore it was nothing but a wholsome drinke,
Compounded with such Art; that, tasting it,
You would doate of her beauty, and become
A very Slaue to her perfections:
I promis'd to performe it; yet my feare
Arguing with my Iudgement, made me try
The vertue on a Spaniel; and I found
It was an odious poyson. *Omnes.* Wonderfull!
Phe. After this triall, I demanded then,
From whom her Highnesse had it: she affirm'd,
From the Lord *Ioseph*; but by stricter search,
I found this Iew was he compounded it.
Ach. I doe confesse the Queene of Israel
Commanded me to try my vtmost skill
In this most strong Confection; said it was
To proue the force of Simples: I, her Slaue,
Durst not to disobay her; yet suspect
Made me reueale it to this Noble man.
Her. How answer you this Treason? *Mar.* Silently.
Her. Thats a confession. *Mar.* Why, as good be dumbe,
As speake to eares are glewd vp; or 'a faith
Thats arm'd against beleeuing: but (great Sir)
If either of these open; then, beleeu't,
Was neuer wrong'd a greater innocence.

Ioſ. Malice hath wrought vpon vs, and oretane
Our guiltleſſe liues with vengeance: Hell it ſelfe
Is not more falſe then theſe are; yet, I know,
Nothing can ſaue vs but a Miracle.
Her. The guilty euer plead thus; curſed chance,
To haue my Ioyes deuoure me: but, tis done;
Princes, your eares and Counſels. *Herod whiſpers with Ant. the Princes and Pheroas.*
Q. Alex. Ha! is't ſo,
Hath Miſchiefe got the Conqueſt; then tis time
To change my diſpoſition, and deceiue
Thoſe which would elſe deceiue me; in this kinde,
It skils not whom we iniure, whom we blinde.
P. Alex. Sir, of my life all this is counterfait,
And this great Diuell inchants you; for theſe ſlaues,
They ſpeake but what is taught them.
Y. Ariſt. On my life,
Our royall Mother's guiltleſſe; doe not let
Their hatefull malice ſtep betweene her life,
And your moſt gracious fauour. *Her.* Princely youths,
Nature and loue deceiues you: wretched things,
What can you ſay to ſtay deſtruction?
Mar. That w'are the Kings, and none are innocent,
Vnleſſe he pleaſe to thinke ſo. *Q. Alex.* Impudent!
Is that all thou canſt vtter? Haue I liu'd
To ſee thee grow thus odious, to forſake
The chaſt imbracements of a royall bed,
For an inceſtuous Letcher; to become
The Peoples ſcorne, the honeſt Matrons curſe,
The Tribes diſgrace, and *Iſraels* obloquy;
Nay more, the whole worlds wonder, and a ſtaine
Nere to be waſht off from *Ieruſalem*?
O mine afflicted honor! *Kip.* Heere's a change.
Sal. A Tempeſt neuer lookt for.
Q. Alex. Packe for ſhame,
Runne to thine owne deſtruction: What, a Whore?
A poyſoning Whore? a baudy Murdereſſe?
Nay, more; a treacherous Strumpet? O that Heauen
Had made mine anger Lightning, that it might

Deſtroy

Deſtroy thee in a moment. *Mar.* Madam, ſtay;
Can your true goodneſſe thinke me culpable?
Q. Alex. Is it not prou'd apparant?
Mar. Then be dumbe,
Be dumbe for euer *Marriam*; if you thinke
I can be guilty, who is innocent?
Madam, you are my Mother; O call vp
Your worſt imaginations, all the ſcapes
Both of mine Infance, Childhood or ripe yeares;
And if the ſmalleſt ſhadow in them all
Betoken ſuch an error, curſe me ſtill,
Let me finde death with horror; otherwiſe,
Silence and patience helpe me. Sir, tis fit
You plead your owne cauſe; I am conquered.
Ioſ. There's but one true Iudge ouer *Iſrael*,
And hee knowes I am guiltleſſe. *Her.* Tis the Plea
Of euery guilty perſon: *Animis*,
Conuay thoſe wicked creatures, with your Guard,
Vnto the market-place, and there in ſight
Of all the people, cauſe the Hangman take
Their curſt head from their bodies.
P. Alex. Stay, great Sir,
Doe not an act t'amaze all *Iſrael*;
O looke with mercies eyes vpon the Queene;
The Innocent Queene our Mother; let not Slaues
Blaſt her with falſe reproches; be a God
And finde out Truth by Miracle. *Her.* No more.
Y. Ariſt. No more? yes ſure, if euery word I ſpeake
Should naile me to deſtruction: Mighty Sir,
Fauour your owne repentance, doe not ſpill
The innocent bloud vniuſtly; for th'account
Is heauy as damnation: to your ſelfe,
And to your owne, become a *Daniel*.
Her. Ile heare no more.
P. Alex. O ſacred Sir, you muſt;
Vpon my knees I begge compaſſion;
Compaſſion for my Mother. *Y. Ariſt.* To this ground
Weele grow eternally; till you vouchſafe

To grant her mercy; or to giue her Cauſe
A larger courſe of tryall. *Her.* Once againe,
I charge you to forget her. *P. Alex.* How, forget
The chaſt wombe which did beare vs; or the paps
Which gaue vs ſucke? Can there in Nature be
A Lethargie ſo frozen? *Y. Ariſt.* Nay, what's more;
Can we forget her holy Stocke, deriu'd
From all the bleſſed Patriarchs, in whom
You and our ſelues are glorious? O, dread Sir,
Haue mercy on her goodneſſe. *P. Alex.* Mercy, Sir.
Her. How am I vext with importunity;
Away to Execution: if againe
I doe command tis fatall. *Y. Ariſt.* And if we
Indure it, let vs periſh; brother draw, *The Princes draw.*
And let our good ſwords guard her: Sir, y'aue broke
A linke in Natures beſt chaine; and her death,
Conuerts vs to your mortall enemies.
Her. What; am I braued by Traitors? Villaines, force
Way to the Execution, or you periſh. (you.
P. Alex. Mother, hold life but one houre and wee'l reſcue
The Princes force through the guard; Antipater drawes & ſtands before Herod; all the reſt conuey away the Priſoners; Alexandra wringing her hands.
Did euer Kings owne bowels thus become
The *Typhon* of ſedition; or, can't be,
I could beget theſe Serpents? Itt be ſo
Vnder the *Ætna* of their damned pride,
Ile ſmoother and conſume them. *Ant.* Sir, I know
Your wiſedome ſuch, as can diſcerne what tis
At once to feare, to ſuffer, and to dye,
By th'hand of ſterne ambition; which, ith' end,
Makes ſtill her habitation like the place
Where poyſon growes, ſo naked and ſo bare
That duſt diſdaines t'abide there. *Her.* Paſſing true;
But Ile root out that vengeance: yet againe,
When I awake my memory, to looke
Vpon her ſweetneſſe, goodneſſe, and conceiue,
That no affaire, no wiſedome, or fond zeale,

Which oft attainteth others, could touch her;
O then, me thinkes, I might at leaſt haue breath'd,
Before I had condemn'd her; Iuſtice ſhould
Ith darke of theſe confuſions, borne a Torch
Before Truth and mine anger: but alas,
Folly and Raſhneſſe led me; and I'ue loſt
All my delight at one throw. *Antipater*,
Goe, runne, flye; O, ſtay the Execution.

Ant. Willingly. Yet pleaſe you firſt to thinke
Whether the act hurt not your Maieſtie;
Kings, in theſe waighty cauſes, muſt not play
At faſt and looſe; their wordes are Oracles;
And iudgement ſhould purſue them.

Her. Good, no more; goe ſtay the Execution.

Ant. Not on earth is there a man more willing;
Yet, when Kings condemne themſelues of raſhneſſe,
Who can blame contempt to follow after?

Her. Lord to ſee how time is loſt with talking.

Antip. I am gone. *Offers to goe and returnes.*
Yet Sir, beleeu't; the Maieſty which ſtrikes
Againſt contempt ſhall nere recouer it.

Her. Yet againe.

Ant, Sir, I can vaniſh quickly; yet, behold,
Heere's one can ſaue my labour. *Enter Pheroas.*

Her. Speake my Lord; where is my Queene?
O, where's my *Marriam*? *Phe.* Sir, ſhe is dead.

Her. Dead? Be the world dead with her; for on earth
There's no life but her glory: yet declare
How dyed the wofull Lady? *Phe.* Like a Saint.
Like did I ſay? O Sir, ſo farre beyond,
That neuer Saint came neere her preſident:
She did not goe, as one that had beene led
To take a violent parting; but as Fate
Had in her owne hands thruſt her Deſtiny,
Saying, or liue or dye: whilſt ſhe, that knew
The one and th'others goodneſſe, did agree
Onely to dye as th'act moſt excellent.
Her Mothers bitter railings, all the cries

Of the amazed People, mou'd not her;
No not one poore ſmall twinckle of her eye:
But, with a conſtancie, that would outface
The brazen front of terror; ſhe aſſends
Vp to the fatall Scaffold; and but once
Lookt round about the people: then lifts vp
Her ſnow-white hands to Heauen;
Talkes to it as if ſhe had beene in it: then fals downe
Vpon her humble knees; which, as they bent,
You might behold humility retire
Downe to her heart; and left within her eyes
Nothing but ſweetneſſe flaming: whilſt vpon
And round about her, Maieſtie did hang,
And cloath her as a garment: to be briefe,
Shee tooke the ſtroke, not as a puniſhment;
But a reward; ſo Saint-like hence ſhe went.

Her. Enough, too much; th'aſt ſlaine me *Phereas*;
O, I haue loſt in her death more true ioyes,
Then Heauen can giue or, earth is worthy of:
I am a Traitor to my ſelfe and loue;
To Nature, Vertue, Beauty, Excellence;
I haue deſtroy'd the whole world; for but her,
It had no Soule, nor mouing; no delight,
No triumph, glory, or continuance:
I cannot liue to loſe her; call her backe,
Or I ſhall dye complaining. *Ant.* This is ſtrange
Can the dead be awaken'd? *Her.* Eaſily Sir,
My ſighes ſhall breath life in her; and my voyce
Rouze her, as doth a Trumpet; nay, more lou'd
Then either winde or Thunder: canſt thou thinke
That I can liue without her; ſhe, to whom
The whole world was a Theater, where men
Sate viewing her good actions; ſhe, that had
As much right vnto Paradiſe, as Kings
Haue to their Courts and Kingdomes; ſhee that lent
Mintage to others beauties; for, none are
Or good, or faire, but ſuch as lookt like her:
Shee, in whoſe body ſweetly was contain'd

Th'Easterne Spicery, the Westerne treasure,
And all the world holds happy: may it be
That I can liue and want her? or, could I
With one sad breath destroy her? she, that had
(In her owne thoughts) read all that ere was writ,
To better, or instruct vs: Shee, that knew
Heauen so well on Earth; that, being there,
Shee finds no more then she did thinke on heere;
And haue I kild her? She, whose very dreames
Were more deuout then our Petitions;
Haue I prophan'd that Temple? Fall, O fall
Downe to the ground and perish; nere looke vp,
But when or Blastings, Mildewes, Lightenings,
Or poysonous Serenes strike thee. *Herod*, heere,
O heere, digge vp thy graue with sorrow.
Ant. Fie, tis vnfit Greatnesse should yeeld to passion.
Her. Y'are a foole;
He that not mournes for her, will neuer mourne;
But is worse then the Diuell. *Marriam*,
O *Marriam*; thou that through the Spheares
(As through so many golden Beads) hast runne,
In one poore moment, to felicity;
Looke downe vpon thy Vassall, me thy Slaue,
And see how much I languish: let thine eye
Guild my complaints, and cheere my misery.
Phe. O royall Sir, take better comfort;
There was nere on Earth a Creature worth your sorrow.
Her. Sir, you lie; deadly and falsly; for she doth deserue
The teares of men and Angels: Shee, O shee,
Of whom the Ancients propheſied, when first
They made all Vertues Females; She, that was
The first and best faire Copie, from whose lines
The world might draw perfection: She, not worth
The teares of all thats liuing? Dulnesse, goe;
Packe from my sight for euer: O, 'twas thou,
Thou that didst make me kill her: hence, auaunt;
By all that's good or holy; if, from hence
Thou ere presume to see me, or come neere

The place of my abiding; 'tis thy death,
As certaine as Fate ſpoke it.
Phe. O my Lord.
Her. Away; reply, and I will kill thee.
Ant. Do not offend him further; vaniſh Sir. *Exit Pheroas.*

Enter Animis.

Ani. To Armes my Lord, to Armes: your Princely Sonnes,
Attended by the people, ſtand betweene
The Towne of *Bethlem* and *Ieruſalem*;
Their Enſignes ſpread, their Bowes bent, and their Swords
Wauing like wings of Eagles: Sir, they vow
Reuenge for their Mothers death.
Her. On whom?
On you, the Citty; but eſpecially,
Vpon the Prince *Antipater.* *Her.* No more,
Th'are angry ſurges, which with one poore blaſt,
Ile make fall to the Center; troubled thoughts,
Reſt till this ſtorme be ouer: happy man,
Ile make thee tread vpon them; this day ſhall
Be thy Coronation; but their Funerall. *Exe. all but Ant.*
Ant. Twas a braue Leſſon that *Egyſtus* taught,
And *Clitemneſtra* writ religiouſly:
Sinne ſafeſt way to ſinne; None or alone; both excellent.
Yet *Herod* liues vnwrong'd and vnremou'd.
The Sonnes of *Oedipus*, in life, nor after death,
Agreed but once; which was, t'impriſon *Oedipus*;
An act of no ſmall wonder: O, but Boyes,
Ile mount a world aboue you; t'impriſon, is
Still to haue danger neere me: tut, tis death,
Death that my aymes doe ſhoote at: Ile inuent
What none ſhall alter: fie, tis nothing worth,
By Worth, by Birth, by Choyce, by Chance to bee a King;
But ſo to climbe I chooſe, as all may feare and wonder;
Feare to attempt the like, and wonder how I wrought it;
Curſt be he (in this caſe) that craues his Fathers bleſſing;
My Throane muſt be my Fathers Monument;
My Raigne built on his ruine: but how? how? witleſſe, how?
Aske how, and ſeeke a Crowne? By Poyſon; no, by Sword;

Sword; no, by Subtilty: O Hell awake, awake;
And once for all instruct me.

Dumbe Shew.

Musique: and, Enter Miscipsa, Iugurth, Adherball, Hiempsall, Miscipsa makes them ioyne hands, and giues each a Crowne, and departs: then in mounting the tribunall, Hiempsall and Adherball sit close to keepe out Iugurth, he diuides them by force, Hiempsall offers to draw, and Iugurth stabs him; Adherball flies and comes in againe with the Roman Senaters, they seeme to reconcile them; and being departed, Iugurth stabs Adherball, and leaues at Antipaters feete a Scrowle.

O resolute *Iugurth*; what afford'st thou me?
Non mordent mortui; Dead men doe not bite:
True, noble Bastard: *Iugurth*, in thy light
Thy Brothers dwelt; O *Iugurth*, so doe mine:
Thou kild'st them *Iugurth*; *Iugurth*, so must I.
Thus sing we seuerall Descant on one plain-song, *Kill*:
Foure parts in one, the Meane excluded quite:
The Base sings deepely, *Kill*; the Counter-tenor, *Kill*;
The Tenor, *Kill*, *Kill*; the Treble, *Kill*, *Kill*, *Kill*:
In Diapason *Kill* is the Vnison, seauen times redoubled;
And so oft must I kill: as, first the King,
(His Wife is past) two Sonnes, two Brethren, and a Sister;
And thinke not but I can: can; nay, but I will:
I am no puny in these Documents:
The Tyger, tasting blood; finds it to sweet to leaue it:
The Hauke, once made to prey, takes all delight in preying;
The Virgin, once deflour'd, thinks pleasure to grow cõmon;
And can I then stop in a middle way?
Cleze fountains, riuers dry; pluck vp the roots bowes perish;
Banish the Sunne, the Moone and Starres doe vanish:
And, were it to obscure the world, and spoyle
Both Man and Beast, Nature, and euery thing;
Yet would I doo't; and why? I must, and will be King.
Kingly *Antipater*. *Exit.*

Iosephus Neuer grew Pride more high, more desperate;
Nor euer could the Arrogance of man
Finde out a Breast more large and spacious:
But Fate and he must wrestle. Let mee now
Intreat your worthy Patience, to containe
Much in Imagination; and, what Words
Cannot haue time to vtter; let your Eyes
Out of this dumbe Shew, tell your Memories.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one dore, with Drums and Colours, P. Alexander, and T. Aristobulus, with their Army; at another, Herod and Antipater, with their Army: as they are ready to encounter, Enter Augustus with his Romans betweene them; they all cast downe their weapons at his feet and kneels; he raises Herod and sets him in his Chayre, makes Alexander and Aristobulus kisse his feet; which done, they offer to assaile Antipater, Herod steps between, Augustus reconciles them; then whispering with Herod, Augustus takes three Garlands and crownes the three Sonnes, Herod placing Antipater in the midst, and so all depart, Antipater vsing ambitious countenances.

Iosephus The Sonnes of *Marriam*, hauing met the King,
Are ready for Encounter; but are staid
By th'awe of great *Augustus*, at whose feete
They cast their Liues and Weapons: hee, with frownes
Chides the two angry Princes; yet commands
The Father to forgiue them; peace is made:
Onely against *Amipater* they bend
The fury of their courage; which the King
Withstands and reconciles them: all made sound;
Augustus giues them Garlands, and installs
Them equall Captaines ouer *Palestine*:
But yet *Antipater*, by *Herods* meanes,
Gets the precedence and Priority:
How in that throng he iustles; tis your Eyes,
And not my Tongue must censure: this we hope
Our Scale is still assending; and you'le finde
Better, and better; and the Best behinde. *Exit.*

Finis Actus secunde

Act. 3. Scœna. 1.

Enter Salumith, and Lyme the Maſon.

Sal. You muſt take my directions.

Lym. Any thing your Ladiſhip will haue me.

Sal. Thou ſhalt informe his Maieſty; his Sons hired thee, when his Highnes ſhould approach to view the buildings, by ſeeming chance to throw ſome ſtone vpon him, which might cruſh him to pieces. Do this and thou ſhalt gaine by't.

Lym. A halter, or ſome worſe thing; for (Madam) the leaſt ſtone that is imployd about the Temple, is 20. Cubits broad, and 8. thicke, and thats able to break a mans necke without a halter. *Sal.* No matter.

Lym. Nay, and it be no matter for breaking a neck (though it be an ill ioynt to ſet) Ile venter a ſwearing for't.

Sal. Doe, and liue rich and happy; hold, there's gold.

Lym. Nay, if I can get my liuing by ſwearing and forſwearing; Ile neuer vſe other occupation. *Enter Handſaw.*

Han. Neighbour *Lyme*; newes, newes, newes.

Lym. What newes, Neighbour *Handſaw*?

Han. Marry Sir, Charity has got a new coate; for I ſaw a Beadle iuſt now whipping on Statute-lace.

Sal. And what's become of Liberality?

Han. Cry you mercy Lady, faith ſhe went like a Baud at a Carts taile, roaring vp and downe; but her purſe was empty.

Sal. Th'art deceiu'd her hand is euer open,
And to deſert ſhees free; behold elſe.

Han. This is more of Liberality, (as you call it) then I haue found, ſince I began firſt to build the Temple.

Lym. Or I either. *Sal.* You ſhall haue more,
Ile poure it on in ſhowers; performe but my commandments.

Han. Madam, by my Handſaw & Compaſſe, I will do any thing; ſay, ſpeake, ſweare, and forſweare any thing your Ladiſhip can inuent or purchaſe. *Sal.* Hark your eares. *Whiſper.*

Han. Hum, ha; pretty, pretty; Ile play my part to a tittle; Neighbour, looke to yours: nay, and Ile doe it preſently; for the King is now comming to the Temple, and I came to call you Neighbour; wee'l doe it there.

Lym.

Lym. What elſe; a man may bee forſworne in any place, Citty, Court or Country, has no difference.

Sal. About it then; be conſtant wary and y'are fortunate.

Lym. Feare vs not, if you want any more to be forſworne, giue me your money, Ile preſſe a dozen Tradeſmen ſhall doe it as well as any Scribe in all *Ieruſalem.*

Han. I or Publican either. *Sal.* Away then. *Exe. Lym. & Han.*

Thus catch we hearts with gold; thus Spiders can
Poyſon poore Flyes, and kill the innocent man.

Enter Antipater with a Letter, and Animis.

Ani. Be ſwift as Lightning; for the cauſe requires it:
Such paper-plots are inuiſible Goblins;
Pinching them moſt, which doe leaſt iniury.
Y'are arm'd with full inſtructions. *Ani.* Sir, I am.

Ant. Your Letters are *Chryſanders*, and not mine.

Ani. I know it well.

Ant. Away then, outflye Eagles; yet Sir, harke;
Carry your Countnance wiſely, ſeeme to be
A Saint in thy deliuery. *Ani.* Sir, your care
Makes you too curious, feare me not. *Exit Animis.*

Ant. Within there. *Enter Hillus.*

Hil. Did your Excellence call?

Ant. I did; what, is your Leſſon got?

Hil. My Lord, vnto a ſillable; my tongue
Hath poyſon for your purpoſe, and I am
Confirm'd in euery circumſtance.

Ant. The time, (at night;) the place, (the Bed-chamber;)
The manner, (arm'd;) the inſtruments, (their Swords.)

Hil. Tut, this is needleſſe; Sir, my Quality
Needs not a twice inſtruction.

Ant. Nobly ſaid; hold, there's gold.

Hil. This is a good perſwader; right or wrong,
Treaſure will make the dumbe man vſe his tongue.

Ant. True; tis the ſicke mans Balme, the Vſurers Pledge,
And indeed all mens Maiſters; goe away, *Exit Hillus.*
The time's ripe for thy purpoſe; thus theſe Slaues
Runne poſt to Hell for ſhadowes; ha, *Salumith:*
O my beſt Aunt and Miſtris; y'are well met:

Neuer were times ſo tickle; nor, I thinke,
Stood innocence in more danger: would my life
Were loſt, to thruſt feares from you.
Sal. VVhy, Princely Nephew, I'ue no cauſe to feare.
Ant. 'Tis well you are ſo arm'd; indeed, a life
So good as yours, free, and religious,
Thinkes not on feare, or ill mens actions:
Yet Madam, ſtill your ſtate is ſlippery;
Belieue it while theſe Princes doe ſuruiue,
And dreame how you accus'd the Mother-Queene,
They ſtill will practiſe 'gainſt you. *Sal.* Yes, and you;
The High-Prieſts death, and *Marriams* Tragedy,
VVill be obiected 'gainſt you. *Ant.* Tis confeſt;
VV'are both marks of their vengeance. *Sal.* Yet ſo farre
Beyond them, Ile not feare them; heere's my hand,
I'ue markt them for deſtruction: ſince our fates
Haue equall danger; tis no reaſon but
They doe inioy like triumph; once againe,
Belieue it, they are ſinking. *Ant.* Nobly ſaid,
Mirror of Women, Angell, Goddeſſe, Saint.

Enter Tryphon the Barber, with a Caſe of Inſtruments.

Sal. Peace, no more; heere comes mine Inſtrument.
Ant. What, this; the Kings Barber, your doting Amorite?
Sal. The ſame, obſerue him.
Try. O bleſſed Combe; thou ſpotleſſe Iuory,
With which my Miſtris *Salumith* once daind
To combe the curious felters of her hayre,
And lay each threed in comely equipage;
Sleepe heere in peace for euer; let no hand
(But mine henceforth) be euer ſo adacious,
Or daring as to touch thee.
Ant. Pittifull foole, goe ſleepe, or thoult runne mad els.
Try. Sizers, ſweet Sizers; ſharpe, but gentle ones;
That once did cut the Locks of *Salumith*;
Making them in humility hang downe
On either ſide her cheekes, as 'twere to guard
The Roſes, that there flouriſh: O, goe reſt,
Reſt in this peacefull Caſe; and let no hand

Of mortall race prophane you. *Ant.* Sfoote, the Slaue
Will begger himselfe with buying new Instruments.
Sal. O tis a piece of strange Idolatry.
Try. Tooth-pick, deare Tooth-pick; Eare-pick, both of you
Haue beene her sweet Companions; with the one
I've seene her picke her white Teeth; with the other
Wriggle so finely worme-like in her Eare;
That I haue wisht, with enuy, (pardon me)
I had beene made of your condition:
But tis too great a blessing.
Ant. What, to be made a Tooth-picke?
Sal. Nay, youle spoyle all, if you interrupt him.
Try. Salumith, O *Salumith*;
When first I saw thy golden Lockes to shine,
I brake my glasse; needing no Face, but thine:
When at those corrall Lips, I was a gazer;
Greedy of one sweet touch, I broke my Razor:
When to thy Cheekes, thou didst my poore Eyes call;
Away flew Sizers, Bason, Balls and all:
Only the Crisping-Irons I kept most deare;
To doe thee seruice heere and euery where.
Sal. Not euery where good *Triphon*, some place still
Must be reseru'd for other purposes.
Try. Bright Go-o-o-desse. *Sal.* Well proceede;
What, at a stand? has true loue got the power,
To strike dumbe such a nimble wit?
Ant. Cry hem, pluck vp thy heart man? what, a polling shauing Squire, and strucke dead with a woman?
Sal. Nothing so, he does but mocke, he loues not *Salumith*.
Try. Not loue you Lady? O strange blasphemy!
Ant. Faith, what wouldst thou do now but for a kisse of her hand.
Try. What would I do? what not? O any thing.
Ile number all those Hayres my Sizers cut,
And dedicate those Numbers to her Shrine;
A Breath more loathsome then the Stench of *Nile*,
Ile rectifie, and, for her sake, make pleasant;
A Face more black then any *Æthiope*,
Ile scoure as white as Siluer; to attaine

But one touch of her finger, I'de beget
Things beyond wonder; ſtab, poyſon, kill,
Breake mine owne necke, my friends, or any mans.
Sal. Spoke like a daring ſeruant; harke thine eare;
Doe this and haue thy wiſhes. *They whiſper.*
Try. What, but this?
Ant. No more beleeue it: why, tis nothing man;
Only, it asks ſome ſeriouſnes and Art,
By which to moue the King, and gaine beleefe.
Try. But ſhall I haue a kiſſe from that white hand,
Which gripes my heart within it?
Sal. Sir, you ſhall; tis there, pay your deuotion.
Try. Then by this kiſſe Ile do it; honey kiſſe *Kiſſes her*
There's reſolution in thee, and I'm fixt *hand.*
To doe it ſwiftly, quickly; from my lip
Thy ſweet taſte ſhall not part, till I haue ſpoke
All that your wiſhes looke for: boaſt of this;
Y'aue bought two Princes liues with one poore kiſſe. *Exit.*
Ant. Spoke like a noble Seruant. *Sal.* Nephew, true;
Let him and's follies wreſtle; from their birth
We will bring out our ſafeties; Villaines, we know
Are ſometimes Stilts, on which great men muſt goe.
Enter Herod with his ſword drawne, in his other hand a Letter, driuing before him P. Alexander, and Y. Ariſtobulus, Animis, Hillus, Lime and Handſaw following Herod; Antip. ſteps betweene Herod and the Princes.
P. Alex. Y. Ariſt. Sir, as y'are royall, heare vs.
Her. Villaines, Traytors, Vipers. *Ant.* In the name
Of goodneſſe and of good men; what hand dare
Be rais'd againſt his Soueraigne? Gracious Sir,
Let not your rage abuſe you; there's none heere
That your word cannot ſlaughter. *Her.* Giue me way;
Shall my owne blood deſtroy me? that I gaue
Ile ſacrifice to Iuſtice. *P. Alex.* Yet Sir, hold.
Heare but our innocent anſwere. *Y. Ariſt.* If we proue
Guilty, let tortures ceaze vs. *Sal.* O my Lord,
Tis a becomming Iuſtice; heare them ſpeake.
Her. What, Villaines that are arm'd againſt me?

Sal.

Sal. Tis not ſo; Nephewes, deare Nephewes,
Throw at his Highnes feete, theſe ill becomming weapons;
In this caſe, they doe not guard but hurt you.
P. Alex. We obey; and, with our weapons offer vp our liues,
To haue our cauſe but heard indifferently.
Y. Ariſt. Sir, there's no greater innocence on earth
Iniur'd then our alleageance: let but truth
Accuſe vs in a ſhadow; ſpare vs not.
Her. But truth accuſe you? O ſtrange impudence!
Th'art not of Braſſe, but Adamant: ſeeſt thou this,
This man you hir'd with ſtone to murder me;
This man with timber; both you wrought to ſtaine
The ſacred building with foule Paricide. Is not this true?
Lym. Han. Moſt true (my Lord) wee will both bee forſworne vnto it.
P. Alex. Falſhood, th'art grown a mighty one, when theſe;
Theſe Slaues ſhall murder Princes. *Her.* No, not theſe
Your vilde acts doe deſtroy you: Speake, my Lord;
Did not you ſee theſe in the dead of night,
Arm'd with their weapons, watch at my Chamber doore,
Intending to aſſault me? *Hil.* Tis moſt true;
And had I not with threats and ſome exclaimes
Remou'd them, you had periſht. *Ant.* Wonderfull.
P. Alex. O truth, for ſhame awaken; this Slaue will
Exile thee from all Mankinde. *Her.* What, doth this
Briſtle your guilty ſpirits? No, Ile come
Neerer vnto your Treaſons; heer's your hands,
Your own hands, moſt vnnaturall: Siſter, ſee;
See, mine *Antipater*; (for I know, you both
Are perfect in their hands and Characters)
This Letter did they traitrouſly conuey
Vnto *Chryſander*, which commands our Powers,
And Conqueſts won in *Greece*; inciting him
To breake his firme alleageance, and to ioyne
His ſtrength with theirs, to worke our ouerthrow.
Speake, our Centurion; did not you receiue
This Letter from *Chryſander*?
Ani. My Lord, I did.

Her. And that it is their owne hands, witneſſe you;
And you; and all that know them.
Sal. I am ſtrooke dumbe with wonder; I ſhould ſweare
This were your own hands Nephews. *Ant.* By my hopes;
If it be falſe, tis ſtrangely counterfeit;
The Slaue that did it had a cunning hand,
And neere acquaintance with you: but, deare Sir,
It ſhall be gracious in you to conceiue
The beſt of theſe misfortunes: who, that knowes
The world, knowes not her miſchieues; and how Slaues
Are euer caſting Mines vp; for my part,
(Though there's no likelihood) I will ſuppoſe,
This is, and may be counterfeit. *Sal.* And ſo will I.
Her. But neuer I, it is impoſſiible.
P. Alex. Sir, I beſeech you, howſoere you loſe
The force of Nature, or the touch of blood;
Loſe not the vſe of Iuſtice; that ſhould liue,
When both the reſt are rotten: all theſe proofes
Are falſe as Slander, and the worke hew'd out
Only by malice; when w'are tane away,
Tis you your ſelfe next followes: why alaſſe,
We are your Armour; he that would ſtrike home,
And hit you ſoundly, muſt vnbuckle vs.
Y. Ariſt. Beſides Sir, pleaſe you either ſend, or call
Chryſander home (whom we haue euer held,
A noble, free, and worthy Gentleman)
And, if he doe accuſe vs; we will throw
Our liues to death with willingneſſe; nay more,
Plead guilty to their Slanders. *Ant.* In my thoughts
This is a noble motion; heare them Sir.
Sal. It will renowne your patience; Sacred Sir,
Let me begge for my Nephewes; you haue ſaid
You tooke delight to heare me; heare me now.
Ant. S'foote, y'are too earneſt, and will ſpoyle vs all;
Begge with a ſcuruy cold Parentheſis.
Sir, (though I know, in this caſe, minutes are
Irrecouerable loſſes) yet, you may
(If't pleaſe you) grant them their Petition.

Her.

Her. I'm resolu'd, *Enter Tryphon.*
Chrysander shall be sent for: ha, how now?
Why star'st thou? why art breathlesse? *Try.* O my Lord,
My gracious Lord, heare me; I must disclose
A treason foule and odious: these your Sonnes,
Your Princely Sonnes, chiefly Prince *Alexander*,
By fearefull threats, and golden promises,
Haue labour'd me, that when I should be cald,
To trim your Highnesse beard, or cut your hayre;
I then should lay my Razor to your throat,
And send you hence to Heauen. *Ant. Sal.* O vnnaturall!
Her. Villaine, speake this againe.
P. Alex. Y. Arist. Villaine, speak truth, feare Iudgement.
Try. Briefly Sir, Prince *Alexander*, and *Aristobulus*
Offer'd me heapes of gold to cut your throat,
When I should trim or shaue you. *Her.* From which, thus
Mine owne hand shall secure me; villaine, die, *stabs Tryph.*
That knew'st a way to kill me; and henceforth,
What Slaue soeuer dare to fill mine eare
With tales of this foule nature, thus shall perish;
Ile not be tortur'd liuing: where's my Guard?
Handle those treacherous young men; and, with cordes,
Strangle them both immediately. *P. Alex.* Sir, O Sir.
Y. Arist. Heare vs; but heare vs. *Her.* Neuer, I am deafe;
Villaines, that hatch such execrable thoughts,
Vnfit for noble spirits, shall not breath:
Dispatch I say; for vnto time Ile raise
Such Trophees of Seuerity; that he
Which reads your Story with a bloody thought,
Shall tremble and forsake it. *P. Alex.* Yet that man
Seeing your Rigor, and our Innocence,
Shall turne his feare to pitty, and condemne
The malice of your rashnesse: Sir, to dye
Thus, as we doe, not guilty, is a death,
Of all, most blest, most glorious; for, it is
To braue death, not to feele it; and this end
Reuiues vs, but not kils vs. *Y. Arist.* Brother, true;
Let me imbrace thy goodnesse; for I know,

The laſt gaſpe of a death thus innocent,
Hath no paine in it; and w'are ſure to finde
Sweetneſſe ith' ſhortneſſe, all content of minde.
Her. Pull, and diſpatch them. *They ſtrangle*
Ant. This was well contriu'd. *the Princes.*
Sal. An act worth imitation. *Ant.* O, mighty Sir,
You haue done Iuſtice brauely, on your head
Depends ſo many heads, and on your life
The liues of ſuch aboundance; that, beleeu't,
Acts and Conſents muſt not alone be fear'd;
But Words and Thoughts; nay very Viſions,
In this caſe muſt be puniſh't: Ancient times,
(For Princes ſafeties) made our Dreames our Crimes.
Her. Tis true; and I am reſolute to run a Courſe,
T'affright the proud'ſt Attempter; goe, conuay
Thoſe bodies vnto Buriall: *Antipater,*
Come neere me man; th'art now the only branch
Left of this aged Body; which, howere
Diſdaind, for want of grafting; yet, Ile now
Make thee the chiefe, the beſt, and principall.
It is our pleaſure, that with winged ſpeed,
Forthwith you paſſe to *Rome*; and, in our name,
Salute the great *Auguſtus*; ſay, that age, griefe,
And ſome naturall ſickneſſe, hauing made
My minde vnfit for Gouernment; I craue,
He would confirme thee in the Royalty:
Which granted, I will inſtantly giue vp
To thee and to thy goodneſſe, all I hold;
Either in Crowne, or Greatneſſe. *Ant.* Gracious Sir.
Her. Doe not croſſe my commandment; for I know
Thy ſweet and modeſt temper: but away;
Fly in thy happy iourney; I preſage,
Thoſe which did hate my Youth, will loue mine Age. *Exit.*
Sal. Heeresa braue change, ſweet Nephew; can you flye
Aboue the pitch you play in? *Ant.* No, ſweet Aunt;
Nor in my flight will leaue you, could I ſhoote
Through Heauen, as through the ayre; yet would I beare
Thy goodneſſe euer with me: how ere I riſe,

Tis

Tis y[illegible] alone ſhall rule *Ieruſalem.*
Sal. No, tis *Antipater*; goe, be fortunate:
I'ue other plots in working. *Ant.* So haue I:
The Kings death and her owne; till that be done,
Nothing is perfect; th'halfe way is but runne.
Ha! who's this? the noble *Pheroas?* *Enter Pheroas ſickly.*
What chance makes my deare Vncle droope thus?
Doe not giue way to your diſcontentment.
Phe. Pardon me, it is become my Maiſter; ſpacious mindes
Are not like little boſomes; they may preſſe
And cruſh diſgraces inward; but the great,
Giues them full Field to fight in; and each ſtroke
Contempt doth ſtrike is mortall. *Sal.* Say not ſo;
You may finde reparation. *Phe.* Tell me where;
Not vpon earth; when reputation's gone,
Tis not in Kings to bring her backe againe:
I am a baniſht out-caſt, and what's more,
The ſcorne of thoſe gaze on me: but a day
Will come, of Viſitation, when the King
May wiſh theſe foule deeds vndone. *Ant.* Come, no more
W'are partners in your ſorrowes; and how ere
The King doth yet ſmile on vs, we know well
The word of any Peaſant hath full power
To turne vs topſie turuy. *Phe.* Are you there?
Nay, then you haue got feeling. *Sal.* Senſibly,
And feare, and will preuent it.

Enter Achitophel ſinging, and Diſeaſe.

Ach. *Come buy you luſty Gallants*
Theſe Simples which I ſell;
In all our dayes were neuer ſeene like theſe,
For beauty, ſtrength, and ſmell:
Here's the King-cup, the Paunce, with the Violet,
The Roſe that loues the ſhower,
The wholſome Gilliflower,
Both the Cowſlip, Lilly,
And the Daffadilly;
With a thouſand in my power.

Why where are all my Customers? none come by,
Or the rare Iew that sels eternity?

Dis. Indeed Maister I'm of your minde; for none of your Drugges but sends a man to life euerlasting.

Ach. Peace knaue I say, here's in this little thing
A Iewell prizelesse, worthy of a King:
If any man so bold dare bee,
Vnseene, vnknowne to coape with me,
And giue the price which I demand;
Heere's treasure worth a Monarchs Land.

Ant. Harke how the Mountebanke sets out his ware.

Phe. O, tis a noble Braggard; two dry'd frogs,
An ownce of Rats-bane, grease and Staues-aker,
Are all his ingredients. *Ant.* Peace for shame,
Haue Charity before you; harke, obserue. *Achit. Sings.*

Ach. *Here's golden Amaranthus,*
That true Loue can prouoke;
Of Horehound store, and poysoning Elebore,
With the Polipode of the Oake:
Here's chast Veruine and lustfull Eringo,
Health-preseruing Sage,
And Rue, which cures old Age;
With a world of others,
Making fruitfull Mothers:
All these attend mee as my Page.

Come buy, come buy, vnknewne, vnseene,
The best that is, or ere hath beene:
He that, not asking what, dare coape,
May buy a wealth past t' ought, past hope.
Come buy, Come buy, &c.

Dis. Maister, faith giue mee leaue to make my Proclamation too, though not in rime; yet in as vnsensible meeter as may be.

If the Diuell any man prouoke,
To buy's owne mischiefe in a poake;
Or elsse, that hood-winckt he would climbe
Vp to the Gallowes ere his time;

If fooles would learne how to conuay
Their friends the quite contrary way;
Come to my Maister, they shall haue
Their wish; for he's a crafty knaue.

Ach. Sirrah, y'are saucy.

Dis. Fitter for your dish of knauery.

Ant. How now *Achitophel*; what's this curious drugge
You make such boast of; may not I question it?

Ach. By no meanes Sir; he that will purchase this,
Must pitch and pay; but aske no questions.

Ant. Not any? *Ach.* No, not any; doe you thinke
Perfection needs Encomiums?

Dis. O my Lord, you may take my Maisters word at all times; for, being a Phisician, hee's the onely best member in a Common-wealth.

Sal. How proue you Physitians the best members?

Dis. Because Madam, without them the world would increase so fast, that one man could not liue by another.

Ant. Go to, y are a mad knaue: but come *Achitophel*,
How prize you this rich Iewell? If't be fit
Only for Kings; tis for *Antipater*.

Ach. The price is, two thousand Drachma's.

Ant. Once Ile proue mad for my priuate pleasure,
There's your price; giue me the Iuell;
Now it's bought & sold, you may disclose the full perfection.

Ach. There's reason for't my Lord, then know y'aue here
The strongest quickest killingst poyson, which
Learning or Art ere vtter'd; for one drop
Kils sooner then a Canon; yet so safe
And free from all suspition, that no eye
Shall see or swelling, pustule, or disease,
Rage or affrighting torment: but as death were
Kissing and not killing, hence they goe
Wrapt vp in happy Slumbers.

Ant. Tis enough;
Goe, and as Art produces things like these,
Let me heare from you.

Ach. The Iew is all your Creature. *Exit Achit.*

Dis. Though (my Lord) I did not trouble my braines, yet I beſtir'd my ſtumps ere this worke was brought to paſſe; I know the waight of the Peſtle and Morter, and though my hands loſt ſome leather; yet they found labour worthy your Lordſhips remembrance.

Ant. O, I vnderſtand you, goe, there's gold. *Exit Dis.*
Now my beſt Aunt and Vncle, ſee you this;
Heeres but a little ſubſtance; yet a ſtrength
Able to beare a Kingdome euery way:
This ſhall bring ſafety to vs, and conduct
Herod the way to Heauen: Vncle you *Giues Pheroas*
Shall take it to your keeping; and as I *the Poyſon.*
Direct you by my Letters, ſo imploy it;
How ere ſtormes yet hang ore vs, you ſhall finde,
I haue a Deity can calme the winde.

Sal. Th'art excellent in all things; keepe thy way:
What we admire, that we muſt obay. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertiæ.

Act. 4. Scœna. 1.

Enter Alexandra, and her Euenuch.

Q. Alex. But is it certaine *Pheroas* is ſo ſicke,
As Rumor doth giue out? *Eue.* Madam, he is;
Nor hath he euer ſince his Baniſhment
Caſt vp his heauy count'nance. *Q. Alex.* Tis moſt ſtrange;
But iudgement ſtill purſues him; yet Ile call
And viſit his affliction; for although
His vvords accus'd my *Marriam*; tis his ſinne
Not perſon, that I enuy. *Eue.* Madam, here comes his Lady.

Q. Alex. O, you are wel encounter'd; I am ſad *Ent. Adda.*
That ſadneſſe thus afflicts you.

Ad. I'm bound vnto your goodneſſe.

Q. Alex. How fares your noble Husband?

Ad. Deſperately ill;
His ſickneſſe Madam rageth like a Plague,
Once ſpotted, neuer cured; tis his minde

That

That doth afflict his body ; and that waire
Quickly brings on destruction.

Q. Alex. Whence should proceed these Passions ?

Ad. All I can gather is his Banishment,
Which, drawing something to his Conscience,
Makes euery thing more mortall.

Q. Alex. Aduice and sufferance is a ready cure
For these distempered passions ; and might I
But see him, I would boldly tender them.

Ad. Your Highnesse may ; for now he's comming forth
To change the ayre, not his affliction.

Enter Pheroas sicke in a Chayre.

Phe. Leaue me, O leaue me to my selfe, that I may thinke
Vpon the tedious houres I'ue yet to liue.
O, what a Iourney hath that man to Heauen,
Whose Conscience is oppresst with iniury ;
Sinne, like so many Pullies hanging by,
To draw the Soule still downward: *Herod*; O *Herod.*

Q. Alex. Ha, what's this ? sure I must sound him deeper:
How fare you Sir ?

Phe. O Madam, Madam; I am full of miseries.

Q. Alex. Discourse with Patience; she will comfort you.

Phe. Patience? there is a worme hath bitten Patience off;
And, being entred, sucks my vitalls vp.
Herod, loath'd *Herod*: O credulous *Pheroas* !

Q. Alex. Why doe you call on *Herod* ?

Phe. Nothing now :
Was't not a strange thing, that he kild his Wife ?

Q. Alex. Who doe you meane, *Marriam* ?
Indeed t'was easily done ; but soundly sworne to.

Phe. O, I feele a dagger.

Q. Alex. Let not her name offend you ; she deseru'd
A death more horrid, and her end vvas iust :
O *Pheroas*, I hated her for that Act
More then the Scriech-Owle day; and vvould my selfe
Haue beene her Executioner ; had not Law
Stept in twixt me and anger.

Phe. O Madam, y'are deceiu'd ; meerely deceiu'd ;

I haue a Conſcience tels me otherwiſe.
O my ſinnes leaue,torment me not within,
Nor raiſe this ſtrange rebellion: harke, they cry
Iudgement vpon a wretch; that wretch am I.
Q. Alex. This ſauors of diſtraction.
Phe. A Hall, a hall; let all the deadly ſinnes
Come in and here accuſe me: Ile confeſſe,
Truth muſt no longer be obſcur'd: why ſo;
All things are now prepar'd; the Iudge is ſet,
And wrangling Pleades buzzing in his eares,
Makes Babel no confuſion.
Q. Alex. Whom doe you ſee Sir?
Phe. Feare and a guilty Conſcience; nay, what's more,
See where proud *Herod* and pale Enuy ſits;
Poore *Marriam* ſtanding at the Barre of death,
And her Accuſer I, falſly oppoſing her.
Al. Let not your paſſion worke thus.
Q. Alex. Giue him leaue; Paſſion abates by venting.
Eue. This is ſtrange meditation.
Phe. I doe confeſſe before the Mercy-ſeate
Of Men and Angels, I ſlew *Marriam*;
'Twas I accus'd her falſly, I ſuborn'd,
Strucke her toth' heart with Slander; but her foes
Shall follow after when the Hubbub comes
And ouertakes me downward, downe below,
In Hell amongſt the damned. *Q. Alex.* Gentle Sir,
Name them which thus ſeduc'd you.
Phe. Pardon mee,
I dare not, nor I may not; you may gueſſe,
Their Characters are eaſie; for my ſelfe,
Let mine owne ſhame ſleepe with me; I confeſſe,
Marriam was chaſt as faire, all good, all vertuous.
Q. Alex. But yet, ſhee's dead.
Phe. So are my Ioyes and comforts: O, till now
I had cleane loſt my ſelfe, and as a man
Left in a Wilderneſſe, findes out no path
To carry him to ſafety; ſo was I
Diſtract, till this was vtter'd.

Q. Alex.

Q. Alex. You haue diuulg'd a Myſtery, whoſe truth
Shall ſprinkle blood through all *Ieruſalem.*
O me, poore innocent *Marriam*, let thy ſoule
Looke downe on my reuengement; for thy ſake,
I will forget all Greatneſſe; faith I will.
Sir, I doe wiſh you may dye happy now;
Your free confeſſion is a Sacrifice.

Phe. Madam, I thanke you; and beleiu't for truth,
The hurly burly which but late I had
Is now appeas'd; Truth's a braue Secretary.
I could not reſt before; yet now I feele
A calmeneſſe ouerſpread me; and my minde,
Like a decayed Temple new adorn'd,
Shewes, as it nere was ſullied.

Q. Alex Y'are happy Sir.

Phe. Madam, I am; for, with this peace of minde,
I finde my breath decaying; yet before
I take this long laſt Iourney, one thing more
I muſt diſcloſe; then, all is perfitted.
Wife, reach me the Violl ſtanding in my Study,
Of which I was ſo carefull, and did binde
Your ſelfe by Oath to looke to: goe, away; *Exit Adda.*
Tis a new birth that Villany would bring forth.

Eue. More miſchiefes yet in hatching?

Q. Alex. Theſe actions leade you on to happineſſe;
And for the penitent man, remiſſion ſtands
Ready to fold him in her Chriſtall armes:
Yet noble *Pheroas*, make me ſo much bleſt,
To know who plotted *Marriam's* Tragœdy.

Phe. Name it no more; ope not my wound afreſh;
Leaſt, in th'inciſion, I ſhould bleed to death:
I haue too much vpon me; adde to Fire,
Not Oyle, but Water; Seas will not raiſe his care,
Whoſe ſhip lies landed on the hill Deſpaire.

Ad. Sir, here's the Violl. *Enter Adda.*

Phe. Here's a little Compaſſe; but a mighty ſound:
And in this little Thimble, lie ſtrange Villany.
Madam, twas once prepared for the King;

And he from me deſeru'd it; not from him
That bought it to deſtroy him: but Ile ſhew
Mercy to my Tormenters. *Q. Alex.* And thoſe deeds
Argue a pious Nature. *Phe.* If they doe;
Then thus I will expreſſe them: Wife, by all
The ties that I can challenge, or intreate
By oath, by faith, by loue and loyall duty,
I binde thee keepe this glaſſe till I be dead;
But, once departed, ſpill it on the ground,
Where nere treads liuing Creature; and (though vrg'd)
Deny thou euer ſawſt it; yea, though death
Be threatned to confeſſe it: this perform'd,
My peace is made with all things.
Ad. By all the Bonds of loue and faith I will.
Phe. Then *Herod* doe thy vvorſt; I am beyond
The reach of all thine enuy; peace dwels heere;
And quiet Slumber ſits vpon mine eyes:
I haue no Racks nor Batteries now vvithin,
As earſt I had when I vvas troubled:
My nummed feete which late ſo leaden were,
I could not ſtand nor walke; haue now ſuch vvarmth,
That I can trauell vnto Paradiſe;
And, vvith ſpread armes, incircle mercy to me:
I that accus'd the Queene, accuſe my ſelfe,
And on her Altar lay my bleeding heart;
Where I haue found ſuch mercy in my truth,
That *Marriams* ſelfe hath got me happy pardon:
For vvhich deare Sweet I thanke thee: now I come,
My life hath runne it's Circle, and's come round;
Mount Soule to Heauen; ſinke ſins vnto the ground. *Dies.*
Ad. O, he is gone, his life is withered:
What ſhall become of me? I'm loſt for euer.
My Lord, my Husband; O, my *Pheroas*;
Lift vp thoſe eyes, they are too ſoone obſcur'd
From her, that as her life did tender thee.
Q. Alex. Haue patience; tis a fruitleſſe Dialogue,
Since to the dead you ſpeake; withdraw him hence,
His Conſcience is vnburthened, he ſecure

On his long Iourney wander'd; and beleeu't,
The cauſers of his woe ſhall follow him;
By all that's good they ſhall; ſecond me Fate,
And let reuenge once murder cruel hate. *Exit Alex. & Ad.*
Eu. No, Ile preuent you, *Salumith* ſhall know,
All your deſignes, and how your actions goe. *Exit Eunuch.*
Enter Herod Niraleus, Animis, Hillus, and Attendants.
Her. Where is *Niraleus*? what, haue you tane ſuruey
Of all the holy Building? May't be ſaid,
Herod in it hath out-gone *Salomon*?
Nir. Dread Sir, it may: nay and ſo farre out-gone,
As Sunſhine petty Starre-light. *Her.* Come diſcourſe
The manner of the Building. *Nir.* Briefly thus,
The Temple which King *Salomon* ſet vp,
In honor of the God of *Iſrael*,
(Being by your great Mightineſſe defac'd)
Is thus by you reſtor'd. The generall Frame,
In height, in breadth, in length, is euery way
Fully an hundred Cubits; and beſides,
Twenty lies hid in the Foundation:
The matter is white Marble; euery Stone
Twelue Cubits broad, and eight ith' outward part;
So curiouſly contriu'd, that not a hayre
Differs in all the Building: euery Gate
Is clos'd in gold, and ſo enchaſt and ſet
With precious Stones; that neuer, till this day,
Saw mortall man ſo rich a Iewelry:
The Tops and Threſholds, Siluer; and each Barre
Studded with knobs of ſhining Diamonds.
Cloſe to the holy Building, ſtands a Court
Of ſquare Proportion; euery way ſtretcht out
Seauen hundred and twenty Cubits: all the Wall
Is made of maſſie Siluer, and adornd
With Pillars of white Marble; from whoſe baſe
Toth' top are forty Cubits; and thereon
Mounted ſuch curious Walkes and Galleries,
That thence you may behold the Fiſhes dance
Within the Riuer *Cedron*: all the Floore

Is pau'd with Marble, Touch, and Iuory;
And on the golden Gate, is finely wrought
A flaming Sword; which, by Inſcription,
Threats death to all dare enter. *Her.* What's within?
Nir. Within this Court, is fram'd a curious Vine
Of perfect Gold; the Body and large Armes,
Of ſhining Gold, brought from *Arabia:*
The Sprayes and leſſer Branches, are compact
Of *Ophyr* Gold; more red and radiant:
The Tops and Twines, whereon the Cluſters hang,
Are yellow Gold; wrought in *Aſſyria:*
The Fruit it ſelfe is Chriſtall; and ſo ioynd,
That when the Sunne looks on them, they reflect
And vary in their colours ſeuerall wayes,
According to their Obiects. To conclude;
Such Art, ſuch Wealth, and Wonder in the Frame
Is ioynd and wed together; that the World
Shall neuer ſee it equal'd: but this Truth
Shall ſtill hang on it as a Propheſie:
Bluſh Art and Nature; none below the Sunne
Shall euer doe what *Herod* now hath done.
Her. Enough, th'aſt giuen me ſatisfaction; and forthwith,
In ſolemne wiſe He haue it conſecrate
Vnto the God of *Iſrael*: how now;
Why comes our Siſter thus amazedly.

Enter Salumith, and the Eunuch.

Sal. Sir, I beſeech you, for your royall health,
And for the Kingdomes ſafety, you'l be pleas'd
To heare this *Eunuch* ſpeake; and howſoere
Yaue vow'd no more to heare Conſpiracies:
Yet Sir, in this regard him; and admit,
He may make knowne what may endanger you.
Her. Whence is the *Eunuch?* *Sal.* Belonging to *Alexandra.*
Her. Let him ſpeake freely.
Eu. It pleas'd my Lady Sir, this other day,
(Hearing how deſperately ſtrong ſickneſſe rag'd
Vpon Prince *Pheroas*) for ſome ſpeciall cauſe
To goe and viſite him; ſhe found him pain'd,

Both

Both in his minde and body; vttering forth
Many distracted Speeches; some against
Your Highnesse person, most against himselfe;
Saying, he had maliciously accus'd
The late Queene most vniustly: in the end,
He makes his Lady from his Study bring
A Violl fild with Poyson; saying, this
Was for the King prepared; and by those
That had least cause to hurt him: vvhen he had
View'd it, and shew'd the venome; he bequeathes
The Violl to his Lady; giues her charge
Of safe and curious keeping, till his eyes
Were clos'd in death for euer; but, that done,
To cast it forth and spill it on the ground,
Where none that liues might know it: this scarse spoke,
His Soule forsakes his Body; but the Glasse
My Lady, and his sad Wife doth preserue,
I feare, for your destruction; *Marriams* Soule
Hath strong reuengement promis'd. *Her.* Tis enough;
Th'ast told me likely danger: *Hillus* with
Your Guard attach the Wife of *Pheroas*;
Then search the house; and whatsoere you finde
Like Poyson, see you bring me: *Animus*,
With your Guard ceaze my Mother; goe, away;
Be carefull, & be happy. *An.* Doubt vs not. *Ex. An. & Hil.*
Her. Still shall I thus be hunted, and compel'd
To turne head on mine owne blood? Is there left
Nothing to guard me but my Cruelty?
Then let my Passion conquer and keepe downe
All Mercy from appearing. *Sal.* Sir, twill be
A royall Iustice in you: who not knowes
The *Lybian* Lyons ne er dare approach
The walls wheron their spoiles hang; Wolues we see
Fly from the sound of those Drums, which we know
Are headed with their owne Skins: Sir, beleeu't,
Seuerity brings safety. *Her.* Tis most true,
And I will hence begin to study it.
How now, whom haue you there?

Enter Hillus with his Guard, bringing in Adda in a Chaire.

Hil. Sir, tis the Wife of the deceased *Pheroas.*
Her. By what meanes comes she thus disabled?
Hil. By her owne fatall mischiefe: when she saw
I did approach her Dwelling; first she barres
All Dores against my passage; then, her selfe
Mounts vp into a Turret, which orelookes
What euer stands about it; thence she calls,
And asks me what I came for; I declar'd
The pleasure of your Greatnesse; and with tearmes
Fit for her royall Calling, wisht she would
Obey what I must finish: She returnes
An answer like her fury; said she would
Nor yeeld to you, nor mine authority.
Which anger being ouer; she cry'd see,
Thus will I flye to *Herod*; and that spoke,
Downe from the Turret did she throw her selfe
As if a VVhirle-winde tooke her: which perceiud,
I made the Soldiers catch her; yet the force
Came with such deadly violence, that some
She struck dead vnderneath her; and her selfe
Bruiz'd, as you see, and wounded: By our meanes
Hath yet so much life left, as may resolue,
VVhat we cannot discouer. *Her.* What of the Poyson?
Hil. No where to be found.
Sal. Twas a strange desperate hazard. *Her.* But a toy;
They which dare doe, dare suffer; desperate Soule,
Doe not play with more mischiefe; but confesse,
VVhere is the Poyson, which thy treacherous Lord
(Hauing for me prouided) did conuay
Vnto thy charge and keeping. *Ad.* Sir, I vow,
There nere was any giuen me; neither had
My Lord a thought so odious. *Her.* Come tis false;
Nor can you now outstrip me; to denye,
Is but to adde to sorrow; or confesse,
Or drinke of more affliction. *Sal.* Madam, doe;
It will be too apparant, trust the King;
Ile sue and begge your safety. *Her.* Tis aduice

VVorthy

Worthy your beſt imbraces. *Her.* Quickly ſpeake;
For I am ſodaine in my Cruelty.
Ad. What ſhall I ſpeake; but, that y'are tirannous,
Thus to compell a falſhood; I proteſt,
He neuer gaue me any; nor know I
Of any hidden Poyſon.
Her. Prepare her for the Torture: Shall my life
Lye in theſe rotten Caskets, and not I
Dare to conſume or breake them? Wretched thing,
Ile make you ſpeake louder then Tempeſts doe;
And true as Oracles; or elſe, beleeu't, *They racke Adda.*
Ile cracke your ſtrongeſt heart-ſtrings: ſo, pull home;
Stretch her out like a Luteſtring.
Ad. O, as y'are a King haue mercy; hold, O hold.
Her. Speake truth, or there's no mercy; higher yet.
Ad. O, my weake ſtrength cannot beare it; hold, O hold.
I will confeſſe and periſh.
Her. Doe it with truth there's ſafety, giue her eaſe.
Ad. I doe confeſſe the Poyſon; that my Lord
Bequeath'd it to my keeping; that it was
Prepar'd to kill you: but (great Sir)
Neuer by him.
Her. Who then became the Author?
Ad. Sir, 'twas *Antipater.* *Sal.* Miſchiefe on miſchiefe,
How came ſhee by that knowledge?
Her. *Antipater*! how, from *Antipater*?
Ad. Ere his departure vnto *Rome*, he came
And feaſted with my Lord; declar'd his hopes;
And that betwixt him and the Crowne, did ſtand
Nothing but your weake life, and great *Auguſtus* fauour:
The latter got; the firſt he ſaid ſhould fall,
And vaniſh in a moment; to which end,
He had prepar'd that poyſon; and beſought
My Lord to keepe it ſafely; for he meant
At his returne to vſe it.
Her. Can you tell by whoſe meanes he attaind it?
Ad. He bought it of the Iew *Achitophel.*
Her. What did you with that Poyſon?

Ad. As my dead Lord commanded; on the grownd
I cast most part thereof; only some drops
Left in the Viols bottome, with the Glasse,
(At her most strong intreaty) I bestow'd
On the Queene *Alexandra.* *Her.* Take her downe;
This at the first had eas'd your misery:
Ha Sir, *Antipater*; all this *Antipater*?
O Heauen! But tis no wonder. *Nir.* Yes, that Truth
Should thus come forth by Miracle; till now
Mischiefe hath gone safe guarded: but, I hope,
Your Highnesse vvill make vse on't. *Her.* Doubt me not.
Enter Animis, bringing in Alexandra, Achitophel, & Disease.
Here comes my second trouble: vvhat the Iew?
You haue preuented sending for: false Queene,
That hast disgrac'd thy Sexe with Cruelty.
What Poyson's in your keeping? *Q. Alex.* Not any Sir.
Her. Not any: impudent? *Ad.* O Madam, tis
Too late now to excuse it; paine, O paine,
Tirannous paine hath torne all from my Bosome:
The Violl vvhich I gaue you, and the drops,
Is that his Highnesse vrges. *Q. Alex.* I do confesse them;
Heere is the Violl and the drops: from this,
What can your malice gather? *Her.* That your intent
Was, therewith to destroy me. O, you Gods!
What's life, when This can take it? This, this drop;
This little paltry nothing. *Q. Alex.* Sir, tis false
I neuer did intend your iniury.
Sal. What not intend it? Blushlesse impudence!
Q. Alex. If you be made my Iudge, I know I'm then
Worse then all feare can make me. *Her.* Y'are indeed
A mischiefe too long growing. Sirrah, Iew;
Was this your Composition? *Ach.* Twas a worke
My Art brought forth; but neuer did my thought
Touch at your Highnes. *Her.* Who made you to prepare it?
Ach. The Prince *Antipater.*
Sal. Villaine, th'art damn'd for that discouery.
Ach. No matter; Ile haue royall company.
Her. And Sirrah, you had a finger in this worke too.

Dif. No truly My Lord, I durſt not dip my finger in your diſh, After great men is alwayes good manners.

Nir. Then you knew it was prepared for the King.

Dif. Alas, I knew my Maiſter had nothing too deare for his Grace, and my Lord *Antipater* I know gaue a good price for it.

Her. Was this Poyſon then prepar'd for me?

Dif. O Sir, by all likelihood; for euer your Phyſitian is like your Hauke; the greater the Fowle is that he kils, the greater is ſtill both his reward and reputation.

Her. Tis true, and you ſhall both finde it: goe, hang vp that Peaſant preſently; and then caſt him into *Silo.*

Dif. Who me, hang vp me? that cannot be good payment.

Sal. Why foole?

Dif. Becauſe I ſhall neuer be able to acknowledge ſatisfaction.

Her. Away vvith him; and for that treacherous Iew, *Ex. Dif.*
And you falſe-hearted Madam, both ſhall taſt
Of that you vvould haue tendred; equally
Diuide that Bane into two cups of vvine,
And giue it them to drinke off; tis decreed,
What vvas prepar'd for me, ſhall make you bleed.

Q. Alex. Tis vvelcome Sir; a ſodaine death, I know
Is terrible and fearfull; but indeed,
To thoſe vvhich doe attend it, and doe ſtand
Conſtantly gazing on it; who doe liue,
Where it ſcarres none but Cowards; thoſe can meet,
And kiſſe it as a ſweet Companion:
Tis vnto thoſe a Bugbeare, vvho do thinke
Neuer on Heauen, but for neceſſity.
Your Tyranny hath taught me other rules;
And this gueſt comes long lookt for: heere's a health
To all that honor Vertue; let ſuffice, *Drinks the Poyſon.*
Death doth oretake; but it doth not ſurprize.

Ach. Well Madam, I muſt pledge you; yet before,
Ile doe the King ſome ſeruice: I confeſſe,
I did compound the poyſon; 'twas prepar'd
To kill your Maieſty; the Plot was laid
Both by *Antipater* and *Salumith:*
They equally ſubborn'd me; each beſtow'd

Reward

Reward vpon mee, and encouragement:
T'was they which made me to accuſe the Queene,
I muſt confeſſe vniuſtly; they, long ſince,
Haue ſhar'd you and the Kingdome: that tis true,
Be this laſt draught my witneſſe; for no Slaue
Madly will carry falſhood to his Graue. *Drinks the Poyſon.*
Sal. But thou doſt, and it will damne thee. *Her.* Say not ſo;
I know this ſmoake vvill kindle, and my care
Muſt now preuent my danger. *Animis,* *Exe. Ani. & Sal.*
Guard you my Siſter ſafely: *Hillus*, cauſe
Thoſe bodies to be buried: you *Niraleus,*
Shall make for *Rome* with all ſpeed; thence, bring backe
That falſe, ingratefull, proud *Antipater:*
Carry the matter cloſe, but cunningly:
For that poore Soule, bid our Phiſitians
With all care to reſpect her; for tis ſhe
That onely can accuſe our enemies.
Thus runnes the wheeles of State, now vp, now downe;
And none that liues findes ſafety in a Crowne. *Exeunt.*

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one Doore, Auguſtus triumphant with his Romans; at another Antipater: he kneeles and giues Auguſtus Letters; which lookt on, Auguſtus raiſes him, ſets him in his Chayre, and Crownes him, ſweares him on his Sword, and deliuers him Letters: then, Enter Niraleus, he giues Antipater Letters; hee ſhewes them to Auguſtus; then, imbracing, they take leaue and depart ſeuerally.

Ioſe. Once more, I muſt intreat you to beſtow
Much on Imagination; and to thinke,
That now our Baſtard hath attain'd the top
And height of his Ambition: You haue ſeene
Auguſtus Crowne him; all his great Requeſts
Are ſumm'd and granted: therefore, now ſuppoſe
He is come home in Triumph; all his Plots
He holds as ſtrong as Fate is, nothing feares;
(So braue his minde inchants him) how at laſt,
He falls to vtter ruine; ſit, and ſee:
No man hath power to out-worke Deſtinie. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Act. 5. Scœna. 1.

Enter Antipater, and Niraleus.

Anti. O *Niraleus*; ſo liberall was the royall breſted *Caſar*,
As farre exceeds all thought or iuſt expreſſion.
When he eſtabliſht me *Iudea's* King,
His bounty did ſo farre extend it ſelfe,
That euen his Court appeard a Paradiſe;
The People like ſo many Demi-Kings;
Himſelfe, the great Vice-gerent ore them all.

Nir. *Caſar* is royall, and *Antipater* deſeruing.

Ant. Me thinks (as in a Mirror) ſtill I ſee
Auguſtus dealing yellow *Arabian* gold
Amongſt the vulgar, in *Antipater's* name;
So louely were his lookes, ſo Angel-like his words
The very thought ſtrikes me into a Rapture:
O, I could laugh my ſelfe breathleſſe in conceit,
To thinke on thoſe faire honors we receiu'd.

Nir. Liue to deſerue euer.

Enter 3. Lords laughing, and pointing ſcornfully at Antipater.

Ant. How now; what Motion-mongers are theſe? S'death, what meane they? Doe they make mee a Batchellor Cuckond? But that I would know the intent, I could be very angry: but I'le not minde 'em.

1. That's he was carried in triumph through *Rome*.

2. Poore Young-man, thy Greatnes muſt downe.

3. He ſcornd (being great) to looke on Pouerty;
But now Pouerty ſcornes Baſeneſſe: farewell.

1. Your Greatneſſe will haue a cold welcome home.

2. See how he lookes. 1. Pittifully pale.

1. I doubt hee'l runne mad.

2. Come, let's leaue him. Ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Antip. Has Nature ſtampt me with Deformity?
Am I of late transform'd? Am I the Owle
So lately made, for Birds to wonder at? Is't ſo?
I thinke I am my ſelfe; I haue my Voyce,
My Legs, my Hands, my Head, Face, Eyes and Noſe;
I'm diſproportion'd no way that I know of:

Then why doe theſe Wood-cracks wonder at me?
I could be naturally vex't, and haue good cauſe for't:
But Ile be patient, walke, obſerue: here comes a friend.

Enter Animis, walking by Antipater.

Ani. My Lord; ---You are vndone.
Ant. Ha, noble *Animis*; what, gone ſo ſoone?
Ant. Noble *Hillus.* *Enter Hillus.*
Hil. My Lord; —Your necke is broke. *Exit.*
Ant. Ha! whats that? ſtrange entertainment: y'are vndone:
Whom ſhould this be; for me it cannot be? No;
I am a King, and tis a hard matter to vndoe a King.
Piſh; there's no Morall in theſe fooliſh words:
Your Necke is broke; a Banquerout's Sentence.
We are vnlimited, both in Wealth, and State;
As boundleſſe as the Sea; freer in guift.
No; tis not their words can breed amazement;
But their ſtrange looks, geſtures, and geerings at me:
Inſtruct me good *Niraleus*, thou art an honeſt man;
How ſhewes this diſreſpect? ſtrangely: doe's it not?
Nir. Nothing, nothing Sir; Courtiers you know are apiſh:
Tis onely ſome new Proiect they haue to entertaine you.
Ant. Proiects for entertainment! Well, th'are ſtrange;
And I finde ſomething troubles mee.
Nir. What ayle you Sir? D'yee faint? Y'are wondrous pale;
You change Colour ſtrangely: D'yee bleed?
Ant. A Drop; nothing, but a Drop.
Nir. Tis ominous.
Ant. True; and I finde ſomething that ſtaggers me:
I will retire my ſelfe from Court to day.
Nir. Retire from Court! O, name it not for ſhame;
Leaſt you incurre a publike Scandall on you:
Why ſhould you flye from that moſt couets you?
Will you obſcure your Sunne-beames in their height?
Couer your Glories in their Mornings riſe?
Thoſe that now geered; then, will laugh outright;
When lookes can put *Antipater* to flight.
No, forage on; and, like a daring Lion,
Single your Game; let not pale Feare diſmay you:

Appeale for Iuſtice to Heroicke *Herod*,
Gainſt thoſe that thus contemn'd your Soueraignty:
True Valour in the weakeſt Trench doth lie;
Then beare you brauely on, and ſcorne to flye.
Ant. Th'aſt new created me: I loue this Honor,
That is by merit purchas'd: ſecond me then;
And let the worſt of fortunes fall vpon me:
This Guard Ile keepe; grapling this Sword,
(Though wall'd with Pikes) Ile beat my paſſage through;
And to great *Herod* make my Supplication.
He that feares Enuy ſhall be ſure to finde it:
But he ſecureſt, that the leaſt doe's minde it.
Stay, a new Onſet.

Enter Animis, with a Guard.

Ani. Great *Antipater*.
Ant. I, that ſounds nobly; why not this before?
Ani. This cauſe and this Authority. *Wips forth his Sword.*
Ant. What, betraid; and ſleeping taken? *Niraleus*:
Slaues let me goe, Ile to the King for Iuſtice:
Ha yee caught the Lambe within the Lions Denne?
Cowardly wretches: O for my good Sword,
And liberty to gratulate your Trecheries.
Nir. Your Treaſons muſt be firſt anſwer'd Sir;
Til then, you muſt to Priſon.
Ant. Ha, *Niraleus*; art thou my accuſer?
Haue I within my boſome kept a Snake,
To ſting mee firſt? Trecherous Lords,
My Treaſons? 'gainſt whom? or, by whom acted?
Innocence protect me: guide me to *Herod*,
That, to his ſacred perſon, I may tell
The Iniuries *Antipater* does ſuffer:
He comes; O happy houre: Iuſtice; Iuſtice Sir.

Enter Herod, Hillus, and Attendants.

Her. The Iuſtice that you merit; hence away with him.
Ant. O ſacred *Herod*, heare thy Vaſſall ſpeake:
Conſider what I am; thy Sonne: if my offences
Proue preiudiciall to thee; Ile lay my life
As foot-ſtoole to thy mercies: O, conſider,

I neuer was that disobedient Sonne,
That did in any thing oppose his Father:
But with a greedinesse, still ranne to act,
Ere thy Command was past: if these Honours,
These titular glories, great *Augustus* gaue me;
If these offend my Soueraigne, cut them off;
Raze them from off my head; and let me be
Any thing, but *Herods* scorne; no misery
Can worke vpon me halfe that troubled griefe,
As does one frowne from those thy glorious eyes:
Let not those white haires now be staind with blood,
Blood of thine owne begetting; euery drop
In me, from thee had being; canst thou be so vnkind,
To cast thy selfe away? O sacred Sir,
I see compassion in your tender eyes;
Weeping for me, that mone your miseries.

Her. Through what a Labyrinth is mercy led;
Rise in our fauour euermore belou'd.

Nir. Rise in your fauour! O *Herod* be more iust;
As thou art King; so be a God in Iustice;
The blood of Babes, cryes for thine equity:
Remember but his Strattagems forepast;
All which, acquitting, you are accessary.
Thinke first on *Aristobulus* fell death;
Your two braue Sonnes, and noble *Iosephs* fall:
Next *Pheroas* your Brother; O, your natiue blood:
And *Alexandra*, that most innocent Lady;
Vniustly and vntimely brought to death,
All through his poysnous Complots.

Her. All these are past and cannot be recal'd.

Nir. Let not his smooth words Sir intice you to him;
In stillest Riuers are the greatest dangers:
If none of these can moue you to doe Iustice,
Whose Soules yet houering still doe cry Reuenge;
Yet there is one whose cause must not be slipt;
Though Cannons roare yet must not you be deafe;
But (like the glory you were made for) be
A King, a God in Iudgement, and in Iustice:

Sonnes are no longer Ours, then they are Natures;
When Nature leaues them, we may leaue our claime:
Be this your warrant, iuſtly to execute
Iudgement on him, that ha's vniuſtly murdred
Your Mother, Sons, Brothers, Siſters: if not for theſe;
Thinke vpon her as deare as was your life,
Your *Marriam*; you innocent, chaſt, faire *Marriam*;
By his falſe witneſſe, turn'd to vntimely duſt:
O as y'are great, be good, gracious, and iuſt.

Her. All thoſe forenamed were of no effect:
My *Marriam*; O my heart: hence with the Slaue;
Ile heare no more of his inchanting words.

Antip. O *Herod*, Kingly Father. *Exit Antip. with a Guard.*

Her. Away with him; Ile blot out all Affinity:
O *Niraleus*, he was ſo deeply rooted in our loue;
All thoſe and thouſands more could neuer worke
Me to haue ſent him from my preſence: but
My *Marriam*; O, the very name of her
Is like a paſſing-Knell, to a ſicke man:
For, if to be a King, is to be wretched;
Then to be meane is to be glorious:
The thought of *Marriam*, like a Feuer burnes,
Diſſects me euery Nerue; I feele within
My cogitations beating, things long paſt
Are now preſented, now I ſuffer for them;
I'm growne a Monſter, and could chafe my ſelfe
Out of my ſelfe; I'm all on fire within:
O *Marriam*, *Marriam*, Miſtris of my Soule;
I ſhall expire with breathing on thy name:
Thy deare remembrance burnes me: who attends?
Giue me ſome Fruit to coole me.

Nir. What, will you taſt ſome Sirrop, or ſome grapes?

Her. No, giue me an Apple. *Nir.* Here are faire ones Sir.

Her. Lend me a knife to pare it: O *Niraleus*,
I haue done cruell Iuſtice; is there left
A good thing to ſucceed me? All my Sonnes,
My Brothers, Siſters; nay, the very laſt
Of all my blood is vaniſht.

Nir. Say not so; Your Childrens Children liue yet:
Her. Passing true, young *Archelaus* and *Antipas*;
Bee't your charge to see them sent for home;
Something I must act, worthy my Meditation;
Ile not liue to haue care dwell so neere me; one small pricke
With this will doe it: thus Ile trye it. *Stabs himselfe.*
Nir. Hold, in the name of wonder; what haue you done Sir?
Her. Nothing but sought to ease my misery;
A little more had done it.
Nir. Good Sir haue patience; a Surgeon there.
Her. Patience, thou seest I haue, to kill my selfe;
I shall ere long rest in my *Marriams* armes:
I would not be a King another yeare,
For both the Crownes of *Iuda* and of *Rome*:
Prouide my Bed, I'm faint and something sicke:
Antipater, be close, Ile sift your knauery;
A King has eye-balls that can pierce through stone;
His very lookes, shall make the Slaue confesse,
Who's iust, and who's vniust: all is not well;
Lend me your hands, wee'l try who is the strongest;
A wager, of vs two, I liue the longest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipater, Hillus and a Guard.

Hil. These are (my Lord) your Lodgings; here you may
Rest at your noble pleasure; when you call,
W'are ready to attend you. *Ant.* Why tis well;
Yet, if a man should aske this Chambers name,
You would call it a Prison. *Hil.* Tis no lesse. *Exe. Guard.*
Ant. Then Gentlemen I thanke you; take your ease.
Neuer till now hadst thou *Antipater*,
True cause t'account with wisedome; all thy Life
Ha's beene but sport and Tennis-play: but this,
O this is *Serio Ioco*, such a Game,
As cals thy Life in question; nay, thy Fame;
Thy Vertue, Praise, and Reputation:
What art thou now? a Prisoner; that's a Slaue:
Nay, Slaue to Slaues; slauish extremity!
But now a King; but now a Cast-away;
Crown'd, and vncrown'd; and vndone euery way:

Where's

Where's now my helliſh Counſellors? my hope?
My ſtrong bewitcht perſwaſion? Riſe, O riſe;
And once more ſhew me my deliuerance:
Tut, all mute and hidden; tis the Diuels tricke
Still to forſake men in their miſery;
And I am pleas'd they doe ſo: let none ſhare
Either in my downefall, or welfare. *Enter Animis.*
Keeper, welcome: what newes hath ill lucke now?
Ani. Strange Sir, and heauy; Rumour ſaith, the King
Hath ſlaine himſelfe.
Ant. Ha, cal'ſt thou that ill newes?
What, is he dead? *Ani.* Tis ſtrongly ſo reported.
Ant. Thou doſt not mocke my Fortune; prethee ſpeake,
Speake, and ſpeake freely; thou hadſt wont to loue
And ioy in what did pleaſe me: ſay; Is the King dead indeed?
Ani. Vpon my life, tis firmely ſo reported.
Ant. Excellent, excellent; noble, happy newes;
Why, what heart could wiſh better? I am traunc't
And rapt with admiration; why, I knew
Fortune durſt not forſake me: now hee's dead,
I may ſay, as the Diuell ſayes, all's mine:
My hopes, my thoughts, my wiſhes; prethee ioy
Doe not too much orecome me: once againe,
Say, is he dead? is *Herod* vaniſhed?
An. Queſtionles, ſo talkes Rumour. *Antip.* Name it truth;
Doe not abuſe a thing ſo excellent:
And now hee's dead; who thinkſt thou is the King?
Ani. I thinke your Greatneſſe only. *Ant.* Why, tis true;
Exceeding true; who, but *Antipater*:
Hath not *Auguſtus* choſe me? ſet the Crowne
Here? here, my *Animis*? hath not publique *Rome*
Stil'd me the King of *Iuda*? is there left
Any of *Caſmonani*; or the Seede
Which they doe call the holy *Iſrael*?
No, I haue ſent them packing; th'are as dead
As *Herod* and my feares are: O, my Ioyes,
How nimble haue you made me! To behold
The Hangman hang himſelfe; would it not pleaſe

Thoſe

Thoſe that ſtood neere the Gallowes: by my Life,
(Which this ſweet newes hath lengthened) had I ſeene
The Old man kill himſelfe; I thinke I ſhould
Haue burſt my ſides with laughing: Come, let's goe;
Ile haue the Crowne imediately. *Ani.* Go, my Lord, whither?
Ant. Vnto the Court, the City, any where;
Whither my pleaſure leads me. *Ani.* Pardon me;
I haue not that Commiſſion.
Ant. How; not that Commiſſion? S'foot, dare any heart
Harbor a thought 'gainſt me? Come, th'art wiſe;
Open thy Dores vnto me; I haue power
That knowes, and can requit thee; by this hand,
If thou withſtandſt my purpoſe; looke to be
Deſpis'd and wretched. *Ani.* Good my Lord, be pleas'd.
Ant. Not to haue you diſpute my ſufferance:
Come will you let me goe? *Ani.* Sir, I dare not.
Ant. Expect a damned miſchiefe. *Ani.* Take better thoughts,
And good my Lord conceiue, this is but Newes;
It may be true, or falſe, or any way.
Ant. You will not let me go then? *Ani.* Would I could;
Yet if you will take patience, with all haſt
Ile flye vnto the Court: if there I finde
The Newes be firme and certaine; I'm your Slaue:
You ſhall diſpoſe your ſelfe, and me and all things.
Ant. Poxe of your purity, your Ginger-bread,
And nice, ſafe reſeruations: but, ſince force
Makes me obay you; goe, away, be gone;
Flye as thou lookſt for fauour. *Ani.* I am vaniſht. *Exit Ani.*
Ant. O, what a thing is Man! how quickly made
And mar'd, and yet againe reedified,
All with a breath; to make vs know, in Kings,
Conſiſts the great worke of Creation:
Why, I was loſt but now; and now againe,
Am found as great as euer; thus can Fate
Change and rechange at pleaſure; he that would
Haue kil'd, is kil'd in killing: fooliſh Fiends,
You are deceiu'd to leaue me; I ſhall liue
To make you bound to mine Iniquity;

Indeed

Indeed I ſhall; and make Poſterity
Cite onely my example; then (my Soule)
Sit, and ſleepe out thy dangers.

Antipater ſits downe and ſlumbers; then, Enter Herod, Auguſtus, Niraleus, Archelaus, Antipas, and Hillus.

Her. O royall *Cæſar*, this grace thus perform'd
In my poore Viſitation; makes my Soule
A Bondſlaue to thy Vertue. *Aug.* Tis no more
Then what your worth may challenge; onely Sir,
This violence on your perſon, by your ſelfe,
Muſt craue my reprehenſion. *Her.* Tis but fit:
Yet royall *Cæſar*, what ſhould Nature doe;
When, like to me, its growne vnnaturall?
Turn'd a deuouring Serpent; eating vp
The whole Frye it ingendred; nay, the armes
And branches of it's body. Sir, 'twas I
That kil'd the vertuous high Prieſt *Ariſtobulus*;

Enter E. Ariſtobulus, and Q. Alexandra like Ghoſts.

See where he comes bright Angel-like: O ſtay,
Doe not afflict me further: how he moues
Like gentle ayre about me: ſee, to him,
Enters his royall Mother; hold, O hold;
I doe confeſſe my vengeance, and will ſhed
My life-bloud to appeaſe you. *Aug.* Why, this is
But fancy which torments you; here appeares
Nothing that's ſtrange about vs. *Her.* See my Sonnes;

Enter P. Alexander, Y. Ariſtobulus, and Marriam.

My louely Boyes; tis true, I murder'd you;
Come, take reuenge, and ſpare not: art thou there;
O, let me flye and catch thee: bee'ſt thou Flame,
Blaſtings, or mortall Sickneſſe; yet I dare
Leape and imbrace my deareſt *Marriam*:
Marriam, O *Marriam*; Villaines, let me goe;
You ſhall not hold me from her: O, a Sword,
A Sword for Heauens mercy; for, but death,
Nothing can ioyne me to her. *Aug.* This is ſtrange;
Nor haue I ſeene Paſſion more powerfull: See you hold him faſt.
Her. Shall I not reach my comfort? then, O come

You that my wrath hath iniur'd; sticke, sticke here
The Arrowes of your Poyson: so; it workes, it workes.
Nir. A Slumber ouertakes him. *Aug.* Let him rest.
Enter, like Ghosts, Pheroas Achitophel, Disease & Tryphon.
Ant. Hold, O hold; whither is courage vanish't? Poxe of feares,
And Dreames imaginations: shall I turne
Coward whilst I am sleeping? No, Ile laugh
Euen in my Graue, at all my Villanies:
Yes, in despight of thee, and thee, and both
Your damned base Brauadoes: ha, ha, ha;
My Mountebanke and's Zany! How can Hell
Spare such neate skipping Raskals? What, my fine
Neate shauing amorous Barber! See, I dare
Face, and out-face yee all; I Death himselfe;
For, none of you, but dyed most worthily.
Ha, I am now transfigur'd: stand away;
Accuse me not you blessed Innocents:
O, you doe breake my brest vp, teare my Soule;
And burne Offence to an Anatomy:
I know my mischiefe slew you; giue me leaue,
And Ile become both Priest and Sacrifice:
They will not haue mine Offering: see, th'are gone;
And I am onely fool'd with Visions.
Sit, and sleepe out Phantasmas. *Her.* Ha, ha, ha;
This Vision doth not scarre me; that you fell,
'Twas Iustice and my Vertue; all your threats
Doe but augment my Triumph: go, pack hence; *Exe. Ghosts, &*
I grieue for naught but iniur'd innocence. *Enter Animis.*
Ani. Where is the King my Maister? *Aug.* What's thy will?
Ani. Emperiall Sir, Tis from *Antipater.*
Her. *Antipater*? speake forth, I heare thee; that's a sound
Euer craues mine attention. *Ani.* Gracious Sir,
The rumour of your death, when it had fild
The City; flew to him. *Her.* Yes, and then
How tooke he my departing? Come, I see
Strange things in thy deliuerance: speake, speake free;
How tooke he that sad Message? *Ani.* Not toth' heart.
Aug. No 'twas enough the count'nance languished.

Ani.

Ani. That was as light as any. *Her.* On thy life
Tell me his whole demeanour. *Ani.* Sir, in briefe;
When I had told the fatall Accident
Both of your wound and dying; ſodaine mirth
Ranne through him like a Lightning; and he ſeemd
Onely a flame of Ieſt and Merriment:
His ioy was paſt example; and he ſwore,
His ſinnes had made him King of *Iſrael:*
What ſhall I ſay; if threatnings or reward
Could but haue bought his freedome; at my choyce
Lay all my heart could number. *Her.* Peace, no more;
I thinke what thou canſt vtter: O, this Sonne,
This Baſtard Sonne hath onely ruind me:
Hell neuer knew his equall; all my ſinnes
Are but the ſeeds he planted: fie, O fie.
Aug. Do not afflict your ſelfe; tis Iuſtice now
Shall take the Cauſe in handling: Captaines harke,
And harke *Niraleus*, doe as I command;
Be vigilant and ſerious: goe, away.
Whiſper, & Exe. Animis, Niraleus & the Guard.
Ant. It ſhall be ſo; theſe Viſions are to me,
Like Old-wiues Tales, or Dreames of Goblins;
And ſhall paſſe like them, ſcorn'd and ieſted at:
Why, what to me is Conſcience? if I could
Neglect it in my whole Courſe; ſhall I now
Now when the Goale is gotten, ſtand affraid
Of ſuch poore morall Shadowes? No, tis here,
Harden'd by Hell and Cuſtome which ſhall keepe
And out-face all ſuch Battry: I'm my ſelfe,
A King, a royall King; and that deare Ioy
Shall bury all Offences: *Herod's* dead;
And in his Graue, ſleepe my diſtemperance.
Enter Niraleus, Animis bearing a Crowne, and a Guard.
Nir. Health to the King of *Iuda.* *Ant.* Ha, what's that?
Ani. Long life vnto the King *Antipater.*
Is the newes true then? is the Old man dead?
The wretched poore Old man; and, haue my Starres
Made me the man I wiſht for? O, you are

My Nightingales of comfort, and ſhall ſing
Notes farre aboue your Fortunes. *Nir.* Sir, hee's dead;
And in his death hath giuen you all, that *Rome*
Before confirm'd vpon you; which we thus
Fixe on your ſacred Temples; onely craue,
You will be pleas'd (as *Herod* did deſire)
That ere you do aſcend the Soueraigne Chayre,
Firſt to behold his Body, and on it
Beſtow one Teare or naturall Sacrifice.
Ant. O tis a Rent moſt ready; Teares in me
Are like Showers in the Spring time, euer blacke;
But neuer farre from Sunſhine: Come, I haue
A longing heart and buſie thoughts, which knowes
There's much to doe in little time: away:
I long to meet my glory; neuer hower
Was Crown'd with better fate, or ſtronger power. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hillus, Officers with the Scaffold, & the Executioner.

Aug. This Preparation's honeſt; ſo diſpatch,
And place theſe mortall Triumphs handſomely:
Sirrah, conceale your perſon; let no feare
Make his feare grow too early. *Exe.* Tis, my Lord,
My part to couch like Miſchiefe, cloſe, but ſure;
When I breake out I'm fatall. *Her.* Thou ſpeakſt truth;
Would this day did not need thee: tis a world
To thinke how ſtrong our cares are; and how weake
All things which doe but looke like comfort: there's
Not left in me a ſhadow; not a breath
Of any hope hereafter; this Baſtards faith,
On which ſo much I doted, to be loſt
Thus againſt kinde and nature; tis a ſinne,
That teares my heart in pieces. *Aug.* Say not ſo;
Tis rather comfort well diſcouered:
But peace; ſee th'are approaching. *Sound Trumpets.*

Enter Antipater, Niralcus, Animis, and the Guard.

Nir. Giue way, ſtand backe; roome for the King of *Iuda.*
Ant. No, let them throng about me; and behold
Their glory, and Redeemer, Ha; what's this? a Viſion?
No; a mortall Prodigie; the King is liuing: O, I'm loſt

Past hope, and past imagination; by his side
The Emperour *Augustus*: then I see,
There is no way, but to destruction.
Her. Yes, to deserue destruction: wretched thing;
Thou scorne of all are scorned; see, I liue
Only to sound thy Iudgement: thou, that thought'st
To build thy Throane vpon my Sepulchre;
See how th'art dasht in pieces. *Ant.* Gracious Sir,
Aug. Labour not for excuses; you haue runne
A strange Cariere in Villany; and thrust
All goodnesse from you with such violence,
That Mercy dares not helpe you. *Ant.* Yet, my Lord,
Heare mine vnfaigned Answere. *Her.* In thy brest
Was neuer thing lookt like Simplicity;
Thou hast made Goodnesse wretched, and defam'd
All vertuous things that grac'd Nobility;
Th'ast eate my blood vp; made my loathed life
Onely a Scale to reach Confusion;
Of these things I accuse thee; this I proue
Both by my Life, my Death, and Infamie;
And for this thou must perish: One, call forth
The Minister of death; and in my view,
Some minutes ere my dying; let me see
His head tane from his body. *Ant.* Sir, O Sir;
Thinke that you are a Father. *Aug.* No, a King,
And thence ordain'd for Iustice; to put backe
Ought of that heauenly Office, were to throw
Mountaines ith face of *Iupiter*; know y'are lost,
Lost to all Mankinde and Mortality:
Therefore to make your last houre better seeme,
Then all that went before it; what you know
Of Treasons vnreuealed; lay them forth:
The worke will well become you. *Ant.* Is there no mercy?
Aug. Not vpon earth; nor for *Antipater*.
Ant. Then farewell Hope for euer; welcome Death;
I, that haue made thee as mine Instrument,
Will make thee my Companion; and, I thus
Ascend and come to meete thee: Here I am

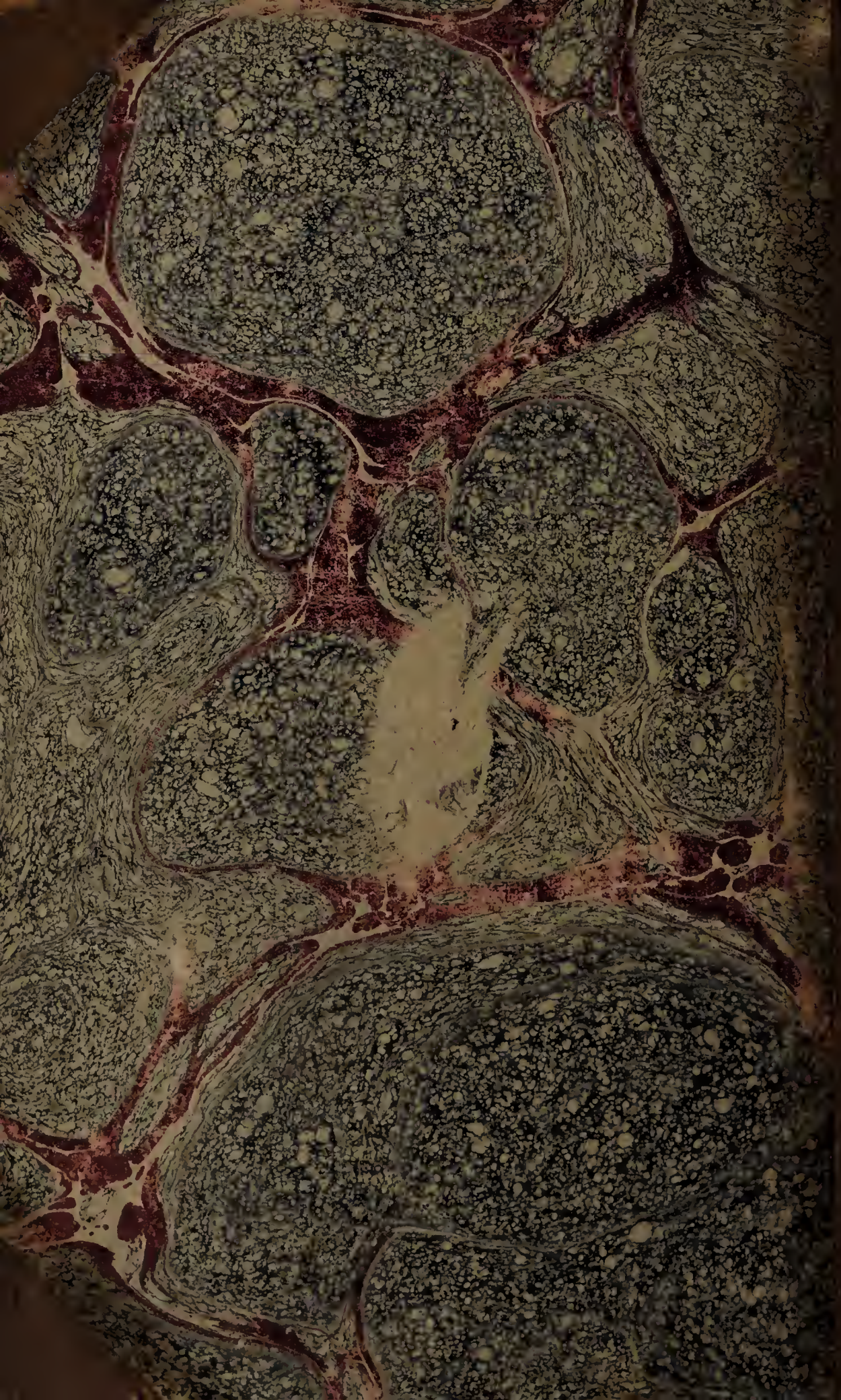
A Monarch ouer all that looke on mee,
And doe despise what all you tremble at:
Sir, it is true, I meant your Tragedy;
Did quite roote out your Issue; and if life
Had held, would haue wipte out your Memory:
This I confesse; and to this had no helpe;
But mine ill thoughts and wicked *Salumiths*.
Aug. Was she assistant to you? *Ant.* Sir, shee was.
Aug. Produce her presently. *Ant.* Sir, tis too late;
The heart-strong Lady once imprisoned,
Forsooke all foode, all comfort, and with sighes,
Broke her poore heart in sunder. *Her.* And that word
Hath brought mine vnto cracking; strike, O strike;
Dispatch the Execution; or mine eyes
Will not continue to behold the grace
Of the reuenge I thrist for. *Ant.* Feare me not;
I am as swift in my desire of death,
As you are in your longings: Come, thou friend
To great mens Feares, and poore mens Miseries,
Strike, and strike home with boldnesse; here's a Life
Thy steele may quench, not conquer; for the thought
Exceeds all mortall Imitation:
Greatnesse grew in my Cradle; with my Blood,
Twas fed to mature ripenesse; on my Graue,
It shall, to all the Ages of the World,
Liue in eternall dreadfull Epitaphs;
This seruice men shall doe me; and my name
Remaine a Bug-beare to Ambition. Come; I am now prepar'd.
Exe. Sir, will you please to kneele.
Ant. What to thy vildnes? Slaue, Ile stand as high
And strong as is a Mountaine; strike, or perish.
Exe. I cannot then Sir doe mine Office.
Enter Salumith betweene two Furies, wauing a Torch.
Ant. Poxe of your forme in these extremities.
What art thou there, poore tortur'd Wickednes?
And dost thou waft me to thee? Then, I come;
I stoope, I fall, I will doe any thing;
Thou art to me as Destiny: O stay,

My quicke Soule ſhall oretake thee: for, but we,
Neuer two reacht the height of Villany.
Strike, O ſtrike. *Her.* O-o-o-

Here the Executioner ſtrikes, and Herod dies.

Aug. Whence came that deadly groane.
Nir. From the King; the blow the Hangman gaue *Antipater,*
Tooke his life in the Inſtant: Sir, hee's dead.
Aug. The Gods haue ſhewd their wonders; ſome withdraw
The Bodies and interre them: that; where none
May pittie or lament him: th'other ſo;
As all men may admire him: for the Crowne,
Thus I beſtow it on young *Archelaus:*
Rome makes thee King of *Iuda*; and erects
Thy Chayre and Throane within *Ieruſalem.* *Sound Trumpets.*
All. Long liue *Archelaus*, King of *Ieruſalem.*
Arch. I will be *Cæſars* ſeruant; and my life,
I hope ſhall purge theſe woes from *Iſraell.*
Aug. Tis a ſweet royall Promiſe; proſper in't;
Make Vertue thy Companion: for we ſee,
She builds their ruines, ſpring from Tyrannie. *Exeunt omnes.*

The Epilogve.

Y'Aue heard a Tale, which not a noble Eare
But ha's drunke with deuotion; and how ere
It ſcant in phraze or action; yet it may
Ranke with ſome others, and be held a Play,
Though not the beſt, nor worſt; yet wee hope
It keepes the middle paſſage; thats the ſcope
Of our Ambition: But, of this w'are bold,
A truer Story nere was writ, or told:
If Enuy hurt it, tis our Fates; and we
Begge but your hands, for the Recouerie.

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